

THE 28. 1746

Mr. Hatter
Mr. Hall
Mr. Scott
Mr. Wray
Mr. Pratt
Mr. Adam
Mr. White
Mr. White

CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, among OTHER THINGS,

- I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.
- II. A Night-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

11630. e. 10. x.
9

To which are Annex'd,
Some THOUGHTS, Occasioned by the PRESENT JUNCTURE:

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO HIS GRACE the DUKE of NEWCASTLE,
One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Fatis Contraria Fata rependens. VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for G. HAWKINS, at Milton's Head, between the Two Temple-
Gates, Fleet-street, near Temple-Bar.

And Sold by M. COOPER, at the Globe, in Pater-noster Row.

MDCCXLV.

CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, among OTHER THINGS,

A Moral Survey of the Meddlesome Heavens.

Addressed to the DEITY.

N. B.

Page 13. for FELIX, *read* PILATE. There are other Errors
less Consequence, which the Reader, if he pleases, may co-
rect with his Pen.

HUMBERT INSCRIBED

His Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE
One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Printed by W. Johnston
Vice.

LONDON:



Printed for G. Hawkins, at the Sign of the Lion, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

And sold by Mr. G. Hawkins, at the Sign of the Lion, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.

MDCCLXV.



NIGHT *the* NINTH *and* LAST.

THE

CONSOLATION.



When a Traveller, a long Day past
In painful Search of what he cannot find,
At Night's Approach, content with the
next Cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his Labour
lost;

Then, cheers his Heart with what his Fate affords,
And chaunts his Sonnet to deceive the Time,
Till the due Season calls him to Repose:

B

Thus

Thus I, long-travell'd in the Ways of Men,
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy Maze,
 Where *Disappointment* smiles at *Hope's* Career,
 Warn'd by the Languor of Life's Ev'ning Ray,
 At length, have hous'd me in an humble Shed ;
 Where, future Wand'ring banish'd from my Thought,
 And waiting, patient, the sweet Hour of Rest ;
 I chase the Moments with a serious Song :
 Song sooths our Pains ; and Age has Pains to sooth.

• WHEN Age, Care, Crime, and Friends embrac'd at Heart,
 Torn from my bleeding Breast, and *Death's* dark Shade,
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal Fire ;
 Canst thou, O *Night* ! indulge One Labour more ?
 One Labour more indulge : Then sleep, my Strain !
 Till, haply, wak'd by *Raphael's* golden Lyre,
 Where Night, Death, Age, Care, Crime, and Sorrow cease,
 To bear a Part in everlasting Lays ;
 Tho' far, far higher set, in Aim, I trust,
 Symphonious to this humble Prelude *here*.

HAS not the Muse asserted *Pleasures pure*,
 Like those Above; exploding other Joys?
 Weigh what was urg'd, LORENZO! Fairly weigh;
 And tell me, hast thou Cause to triumph still?
 I think, thou wilt forbear a Boast so bold:
 But if, beneath the Favour of Mistake,
 Thy Smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
 LORENZO'S Smile, than my Compassion for him.
 The Sick in *Body* call for Aid; the Sick
 In *Mind* are covetous of more Disease;
 And, when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
 To know ourselves diseas'd, is Half our Cure.
 When *Nature's* Blush by *Custom* is wip'd off,
 And Conscience, deaden'd by repeated Strokes,
 Has into *Manners* nat'raliz'd our Crimes;
 The Curse of Curses is, our Curse to love;
 To triumph in the Blackness of our Guilt
 (As *Indians* glory in the deepest Jet),
 And throw aside our *Senses* with our *Reason*.
 But, grant no Guilt, no Shame, no least Alloy;
 Grant Joy and Glory, quite unfully'd, thine.

Yet, still, it ill deserves LORENZO's Heart :
 No Joy, no *Glory*, glitters in thy Sight,
 But thro' the thin Partition of an Hour,
 I see its Sables wove by *Destiny*,
 And *that* in Sorrow bury'd ; *this*, in Shame ;
 While howling *Furies* ring the doleful Knell ;
 And *Conscience*, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear
 Her Whisper, echoes their eternal Peal.

WHERE, the prime Actors of the *last Year's* Scene ;
 Their Port so proud, their Buskin, and their Plume ?
 How many *sleep*, who kept the World *awake* ;
 With Lustre, and with Noise ? Has *Death* proclaim'd
 A Truce, and hung his fated Lance on high ?
 'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the *present Year*
 Be more tenacious of her human Leaf,
 Or spread of feeble Life a thinner Fall.

BUT, needless, Monuments to wake the Thought ;
 Life's gayest Scenes speak Man's Mortality ;
 Tho' in a Style more florid, full as plain,
 As *Mausoleums*, *Pyramids*, and *Tombs*.

What

What are our noblest Ornaments, but *Deaths*
 Turn'd Flatterers of Life, in Paint, or Marble,
 The well-stain'd Canvas, or the featur'd Stone ?
 Our Fathers grace, or rather haunt, the Scene ;
 Joy peoples her Pavilion from the Dead.

“ *Profest Diversions* ! cannot These escape ? ”
 Far from it : These present us with a Shroud ;
 And talk of *Death*, like Garlands o'er a Grave.
 As some bold Plunderers, for bury'd *Wealth*,
 We ranfack Tombs for *Pastime* ; from the Dust
 Call up the sleeping Hero ; bid him tread
 The Scene for our Amusement : How like Gods
 We sit ; and, wrapt in Immortality,
 Shed gen'rous Tears on Wretches born to die ;
 Their Fate deploring, to forget *our Own* ?
 What, all the Poms, and Triumphs of our Lives,
 But Legacies in Blossom ? Our lean Soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in Vanities,
 From Friends interr'd beneath ; a rich Manure !
 Like other Worms, we banquet on the Dead ;

Like

Like other Worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present Frailties, or approaching Fate?

LORENZO! such the Glories of the World!
What is the World itself? *Thy* World? — a Grave!
Where is the Dust that has not been alive?
The Spade, the Plough, disturb our Ancestors;
From human Mould we reap our daily Bread:
The Globe around Earth's hollow Surface shakes,
And is the Ceiling of her sleeping Sons:
O'er Devastation we blind Revels keep;
Whole bury'd Towns support the Dancer's Heel:
The *Moist* of human Frame the Sun exhales;
Winds scatter, thro' the mighty Void, the *Dry*;
Earth re-possesses Part of what she gave,
And the freed Spirit mounts on Wings of Fire;
Each Element partakes our scatter'd Spoils;
As Nature wide, our Ruins spread: *Man's Death*
Inhabits all Things, but the Thought of Man.

NOR Man alone; his breathing Bust expires;
His Tomb is mortal; Empires die: Where, now,

The *Roman*? *Greek*? They stalk, an empty Name!
 Yet Few regard them in this useful Light;
 Tho' Half our Learning is *their* Epitaph,
 When down thy Vale, unlock'd by Midnight Thought,
 That loves to wander in thy Sunless Realms,
 O *Death*! I stretch my View; what Visions rise!
 What Triumphs! Toils imperial! Arts divine!
 In wither'd Laurels, glide before my Sight?
 What Lengths of far-fam'd Ages, billow'd-high
 With human Agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial Images of Air?
 The melancholy Ghosts of dead Renown,
 Whisp'ring faint Echoes of the World's Applause,
 With penitential Aspect, as they pass,
 All point at Earth, and hiss at human Pride,
 The Wisdom of the *Wise*, and Prancings of the *Great*:

BUT, O LORENZO! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly Nature, and enormous Size,
 One Form assaults my Sight, and chills my Blood,
 And shakes my Frame: Of *One* departed World
 I see the mighty Shadow; Oozy Wreath

And

And dismal Sea-weed crown her ; o'er her Urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated Realms,
 And bloated Sons ; and, weeping, prophecies
Another's Dissolution, soon, in Flames ;
 But, like CASSANDRA, prophecies in vain ;
 In vain, to Many ; not, I trust, to Thee.

FOR, know'st thou not, or art thou *loath* to know,
 The great Decree, the Counsel of the Skies,
Deluge and *Conflagration*, dreadful Pow'rs !
 Prime Ministers of Vengeance ! Chain'd in Caves
 Distinct, apart the Giant-Furies roar ;
 Apart ; or, such their horrid Rage for Ruin,
 In mutual Conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal War, till One was quite devour'd :
 But not for *This*, ordain'd their boundless Rage ;
 When Heav'n's inferior Instruments of Wrath,
War, Famine, Pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a World for her enormous Crimes :
These are let loose, alternate : Down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal Throne,
 With irresistible Commission arm'd,

The

The World, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease Creation of the shocking Scene.

SEEST thou, LORENZO! what depends on Man?
The *Fate* of Nature ; as, for Man, her *Birth* :
Earth's Actors change *Earth's* transitory Scenes,
And make Creation groan with human Guilt :
How must it groan, in a new Deluge whelm'd,
But not of Waters? At the destin'd Hour,
By the loud Trumpet summon'd to the Charge,
See, all the formidable Sons of Fire,
Eruptions, Earthquakes, Comets, Lightnings, play
Their various Engines ; All at once disgorge
Their blazing Magazines ; and take, by Storm,
This poor terrestrial Citadel of Man.

AMAZING Period ! when each Mountain-Height
Out-burns *Vesuvius* ; Rocks eternal pour
Their melted Mass, as Rivers once they pour'd ;
Stars rush ; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives
Her Ploughshare o'er Creation ! --- While aloft,
More than Astonishment ! if more *can* be !

Far other *Firmament* than e'er was seen,
 Then e'er was thought by Man! Far other *Stars!*
 Stars animate, that govern these of Fire;
 Far other *Sun!* ---- A Sun, O how unlike
 The Babe at *Bethle'm?* How unlike the Man
 That groan'd on *Calvary?* ---- Yet *He* it is;
 That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd? What Pomp?
 In Grandeur Terrible, All Heav'n descends!
 And Gods, ambitious, triumph in His Train.
 As Monarchs grand, on Coronation-Days,
Omnipotence affects *Omnipotence*;
 Wears all his Glories; marshals all his Pow'rs;
 Their State imblazes! Deity exalts!
 A swift Archangel, with his golden Wing,
 As Blots and Clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The Scene divine, sweeps Stars and Suns aside:
 And now, all Dross remov'd, Heav'n's own pure Day
 Full on the Confines of our *Æther*, flames:
 While (dreadful Contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing Seas,
 And Storms sulphureous; her voracious Jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her Prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this Scene; the Last
 In Nature's Course; the First, in Wisdom's Thought:
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; *This* awakes
 The most Supine; *This* snatches Man from Death.
 Rouze, rouze, LORENZO! then, and follow me,
 Where Truth, the most momentous Man can hear,
 Loud calls my Soul, and Ardor wings her Flight.
 I find my Inspiration in my Theme;
 The Grandeur of my Subject is my Muse.

AT *Midnight*, when Mankind is wrapt in *Peace*,
 And worldly *Fancy* feeds on golden Dreams,
 To give more Dread to Man's most dreadful Hour;
 At Midnight, 'tis presum'd, this Pomp will burst
 From tenfold Darkness; sudden as the Spark
 From smitten Steel; from nitrous Grain, the Blaze.
 Man, starting from his Couch, shall sleep no more!
 The Day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, Amazement All!
 Terror and Glory join'd in their Extremes!
 Our GOD in Grandeur, and our *World* on Fire!
 All Nature struggling in the Pangs of Death!

Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore
 Her strong Convulsions, and her final Groan ?
 Where are we *now* ? Ah me ! The Ground is gone
 On which we stood, LORENZO ! While thou may'st,
 Provide more firm Support, or sink for Ever !
 Where ? How ? From whence ? Vain Hope ! It is too late !
 Where, where, for Shelter, shall the Guilty fly,
 When Conspiration turns the *Good-Man* pale ?

GREAT Day ! for which all Other Days were made ;
 For which *Earth* rose from *Chaos* ; *Man* from *Earth* ; A
 And an Eternity, the Date of Gods,
 Descended on poor Earth-created Man !
 Great Day of Dread, Decision, and Despair !
 At Thought of Thee, each sublunary With
 Lets go its eager Grasp, and drops the World ;
 And catches at each Reed of Hope in Heav'n !
 At *Thought* of Thee ! — And art Thou *absent*, then ?
 LORENZO ! No ; 'tis Here ; — it is begun ; —
 Already is begun the Grand Assize,
 In Thee, in All : Deputed Conscience scales
 The dread Tribunal, and forestalls our Doom ;

Forestalls ;

Forefalls ; and, by forestalling, proves it *Sure*.
 Why on Himself should Man *void* Judgment pass ?
 Is idle *Nature* laughing at her Sons ?
 Who *Conscience* sent, her Sentence will support,
 And GOD Above assert That GOD in Man.

THRICE happy They ! that enter *now* the Court
 Heav'n opens in their Bosoms : But, how rare,
 Ah me ! that Magnanimity, how rare ?
 What Hero, like the Man who stands Himself ?
 Who dares to meet his naked Heart alone ?
 Who hears, intrepid, the full Charge it brings,
 Resolv'd to silence future Murmurs There ?
 The Coward flies ; and, flying, is undone
 (Art Thou a Coward ? No) : The Coward flies ;
 Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to *know* ;
 Asks, "*What is Truth*" ? with FELIX ; and retires ;
 Dissolves the Court, and mingles with the Throng ;
 Asylum sad ! from Reason, Hope, and Heav'n.

SHALL All, but Man, look out with ardent Eye,
 For that Great Day, which was ordain'd *for* Man ?

O Day of Consummation! Mark supreme
 (If Men are wise) of human Thought! nor least,
 Or in the Sight of Angels, or their KING!

Angels, whose radiant Circles, Height o'er Height,
 Order o'er Order, rising, Blaze o'er Blaze,
 As in a Theatre, surround This Scene,
 Intent on Man, and anxious for his Fate.

Angels look out for Thee: For Thee, their LORD,
 To vindicate His Glory, and for Thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
 To dis-involve the *moral* World, and give
 To *Nature's* Renovation brighter Charms.

SHALL Man alone, whose Fate, whose *final* Fate,
 Hangs on That Hour, exclude it from his Thought?
 I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
 All *Nature*, like an Earthquake, trembling round!
 All *Deities*, like Summer's Swarms, on Wing!
 All basking in the full Meridian Blaze!
 I see the JUDGE inthron'd! The flaming Guard!
 The Volume open'd! Open'd every Heart!
 A Sun-Beam pointing out each secret Thought!

No Patron! Intercessor none! Now past
 The sweet, the clement, Mediatorial Hour!
 For Guilt no Plea! To Pain, no Pause! no Bound!
 Inexorable, All! and All, Extreme!
 Nor Man alone; the Foe of God and Man,
 From his dark Den, blaspheming, drags his Chain,
 And rears his brazen Front, with Thunder scarr'd;
 Receives his Sentence, and *begins* his Hell.
 All Vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant Grace!
 Like Meteors in a stormy Sky, how roll
 His baleful Eyes? He curses Whom he dreads;
 And deems it the First Moment of his Fall.

'Tis *present* to my Thought! — And, yet, where is it?
Angels can't tell me; *Angels* cannot *guess*
 The *Period*; from *created* Beings lock'd
 In Darkness: But the *Process* and the *Place*
 Are less obscure; for These may *Man* inquire.
 Say, Thou great Close of human Hopes and Fears!
 Great Key of Hearts! Great Finisher of Fates!
 Great End! and Great Beginning! Say, Where art Thou?
 Art Thou in *Time*, or in *Eternity*?

Nor in *Eternity*, nor *Time*, I find Thee;
 These, as Two Monarchs, on their Borders meet,
 (Monarchs of All elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
 As in Debate, how best their Pow'rs ally'd,
 May swell the Grandeur, or discharge the Wrath,
 Of HIM, whom Both their Monarchies obey.

Time, this vast Fabric for him built, and doom'd
 With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his Head;
 His Lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
 The Frown of hideous Darkness, calls his Sons
 From their long Slumber; from Earth's heaving Womb
 To second Birth; contemporary Throng!
 Rouz'd at One Call; upstarting from One Bed;
 Preft in One Croud; appall'd with One Amaze;
 He turns them o'er, *Eternity*! to thee:
 Then (as a King depos'd disdains to live),
 He falls on his own Scythe; nor falls *alone*;
 His greatest Foe falls with him; *Time*, and He
 Who murder'd all *Time*'s Offspring, *Death*, expire.

Time

TIME was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
 Awful Eternity! offended Queen!
 And her Resentment to Mankind, how just?
 With kind Intent solliciting Access,
 How often has she knock'd at human Hearts?
 Rich to repay their Hospitality,
 How often call'd? and, with the Voice of God?
 Yet bore Repulse, excluded as a Cheat!
 A Dream! while foulest Foes found Welcome there?
 A Dream, a Cheat, now, all Things, but her Smile.

FOR, lo! her twice Ten thousand Gates thrown wide,
 As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen Pole,
 With Banners, streaming as the *Comet's* Blaze,
 And Clarions, louder than the *Deep* in Storms,
 Sonorous, as immortal Breath can blow,
 Pour forth their Myriads, Potentates, and Pow'rs,
 Of Light, of Darkness; in a middle Field,
 Wide, as *Creation!* populous, as wide!
 A neutral Region! there to mark th' Event
 Of that great Drama, whose preceding Scenes
 Detain'd them close Spectators, thro' a Length

Of Ages, rip'ning to this grand Result ;
 Ages, as yet un-number'd, but by God ;
 Who now, pronouncing Sentence, vindicates
 The Rights of Virtue, and His own Renown.

Eternity, the various Sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd Throng distinct Abodes,
 Sulphureous, or Ambrosial : What ensues ?
 The Deed predominant ! the Deed of Deeds !
 That makes a Hell of Hell, a Heav'n of Heav'n,
 The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd Aspect, turns
 Her adamantinè Key's enormous Size
 Thro' Destiny's inextricable Wards,
 Deep-driving ev'ry Bolt, on Both their Fates ;
 Then, from the Cryſtal Battlements of Heav'n,
 Down, down, ſhe hurls it thro' the dark Profound,
 Ten thouſand thouſand Fathom ; there to ruſt,
 And ne'er unlock her Reſolution more.
 The Deep reſounds, and Hell, thro' all her Gloom,
 Returns, in Groans, the melancholy Roar.

O HOW unlike the Chorus of the Skies?
O how unlike those Shouts of Joy, that shake
The whole *Ethereal*? How the Concave rings?
Nor strange! when Deities their Voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *Creation* rose,
To see *Creation*'s godlike Aim, and End,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
To see the mighty *Dramatist*'s last Act
(As meet) in Glory rising o'er the rest:
No fancy'd God, a GOD *indeed*, descends,
To solve all *Knots*; to strike the *Moral* home;
To throw full Day on darkest Scenes of *Time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown, the Whole:
Hence, in one Peal of loud, eternal Praise,
The charm'd Spectators thunder their Applause,
And the vast Void beyond, Applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding Worlds,
And Worlds celestial, is there found on Earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious String,
Which jars in the grand Chorus, and *Complains*?

Censure on Thee, LORENZO! I suspend,
 And turn it on *Myself*; how greatly due?
 All, All is *Right*, by God ordain'd, or done;
 And who, but God, resum'd the Friends *He* gave?
 And have I been *Complaining*, then, so long?—
Complaining of His *Favours*; *Pain*, and *Death*?
 Who, without *Pain*'s Advice, would e'er be Good?
 Who, without *Death*, but would be Good in vain?
 Pain is to save from *Pain*! All Punishment,
 To make for *Peace*! and Death to save from *Death*;
 And Second Death, to guard immortal Life;
 To rouse the Careless, the Presumptuous awe,
 And turn the Tide of Souls another Way;
 By the same Tenderness Divine ordain'd,
 That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for Man,
 A fairer *Eden*, endless in the Skies.

HEAV'N gives us Friends to bless the *present* Scene; W
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next* :

All Evils *Natural* are *Moral* Goods;
 All Discipline, *Indulgence*, on the Whole.
 None are unhappy; All have Cause to smile,

But

But such as to Themselves That Cause deny;
Our *Faults* are at the Bottom of our *Pains*;
Error, in *Act*, or *Judgment*, is the Source
Of endless Sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*,
And *Nature* tax, when false *Opinion* stings.
Let impious Grief be banish'd, Joy indulg'd,
But chiefly *then*, when Grief puts in her Claim:
Joy from the *Joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in *Vanity*, and dies in *Woe*:
Joy, *amidst Ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis Joy, and Conquest; Joy, and Virtue too:
A noble Fortitude in *Ills*, delights
Heav'n, Earth, Ourselves; 'tis Duty, Glory, Peace.
Affliction is the Good Man's shining Scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest Ray;
As *Night* to Stars, *Woe* Lustre gives to Man:
Heroes in Battle, Pilots in the Storm,
And Virtue in Calamities, admire.
The Crown of Manhood is a Winter-Joy;
An Evergreen, that stands the *Northern Blast*,
And blossoms in the Rigour of our Fate.

’Tis a prime Part of Happiness, to know
How much Unhappiness *must* prove our Lot;
A Part which few possess! I’ll pay Life’s Tax,
Without one rebel Murmur, from this Hour,
Nor think it Misery to be a *Man*;
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.
Some Ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

WHAT spoke *proud Passion*? — * With my Being lost!
Presumptuous! Blasphemous! Absurd! and False!
The Triumph of my Soul is, — That I *am*;
And therefore that I *may* be — *What*? LORENZO!
Look Inward, and look Deep; and deeper still;
Unfathomably deep our Treasure runs
In golden Veins, thro’ all Eternity!
Ages, and Ages, and succeeding still
New Ages, *where* this Phantom of an Hour,
Which courts, each Night, dull Slumber for Repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly thro’ Infinite, and All-unlock;
And (if deserv’d) by Heav’n’s redundant Love,

* Referring to the First Night.

Made half-adorable itself, adore,
 And find, in Adoration, endless Joy!
 Where Thou, not Master of a Moment *here*,
 Frail as the Flow'r, and fleeting as the Gale,
 May'ft boast a *whole Eternity*, enrich'd
 With All a *kind Omnipotence* can pour:
 Since ADAM fell, no Mortal, un-inspir'd,
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
 How Kind is GOD, how Great (if Good) is MAN:
 No Man too largely from *His Love* can hope,
 If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

ILLS? --- There are none: *All-Gracious!* none from *Thee*;
 From *Man* full *Many!* Num'rous is the Race
 Of blackest Ills, and those *Immortal* too,
 Begot by *Madness* on fair *Liberty*;
 Heav'n's Daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *Her Hand* alone
 Unlocks Destruction to the Sons of Men,
 Fast barr'd by *Thine*; high-wall'd with Adamant,
 Guarded with Terrors reaching to this World,
 And cover'd with the Thunders of Thy Law;
 Whose Threats are *Mercies*, whose Injunctions, *Guides*,

Assisting,

Assisting, not restraining, *Reason's* Choice ;
 Whose Sanctions, *unavoidable Results*
 From Nature's Course, indulgently reveal'd ;
 If unreveal'd, more Dang'rous, nor less Sure.
 Thus, an indulgent Father warns his Son,
 " Do This ; Fly That " — nor always tells the Cause ;
 Pleas'd to reward, as Duty to his Will,
 A Conduct needful to their own Repose.

GREAT GOD of Wonders ! (if, Thy *Love* survey'd,
 Aught else the Name of Wonderful retains)
 What Rocks are *These*, on which to build our Trust ?
 Thy Ways admit no Blemish ; none I find ;
 Or This alone — " That none is to be found " —
 Not One, to soften *Censure's* hardy Crime ;
 Not One, to palliate peevish *Grief's* COMPLAINT,
 Who, like a *Dæmon*, murm'ring from the Dust,
 Dares into Judgment call her Judge. — SUPREME !
 For *All* I bless Thee ; Most, for the *Severe* ;
Her Death * — *my own* at Hand — the fiery Gulph,
 That flaming Bound of Wrath Omnipotent !

* LUCIA.

It

It thunders; — but it thunders to preserve;
 It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome Dread
 Averts the dreaded Pain! Its hideous Groans
 Join Heav'n's sweet Halleluiahs in *Thy* Praise,
 Great Source of Good *alone*! How Kind in All?
 In Vengeance, Kind! *Pain, Death, Gebenna, SAVE.*

THUS, in Thy World material, *Mighty Mind*!
 Not That alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
 The *Rough* and *Gloomy*, challenges our Praise;
 The *Winter* is as needful as the *Spring*;
 The *Thunder*, as the *Sun*; a stagnate Mass
 Of Vapours breeds a pestilential Air;
 Nor more propitious the *Favonian* Breeze
 To Nature's Health, than purifying Storms;
 The dread *Volcano* ministers to Good,
 Its smother'd Flames might undermine the World;
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in Love to Man;
Comets good Omens are, when duly scann'd;
 And, in their Use, *Eclipses* learn to shine.

MAN

MAN is responsible for *ills* receiv'd; and — ;
 Those we call *wretched* are a chosen Band,
 Compell'd to refuge in the *Right*, for Peace.
 Amid my List of Blessings infinite,
 Stand This the foremost, " That my Heart has bled :"
 'Tis Heav'n's last Effort of Good-will to Man;
 When *Pain* can't bless, Heav'n quits us in Despair.
 Who fails to grieve, when just Occasion calls,
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest,
 Inhuman, or Effeminate, his Heart;
Reason absolves the Grief which *Reason* ends.
 May Heav'n ne'er trust my Friend with Happiness,
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
 By previous Pain; and made it *safe to smile* :
Such Smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;
 Nor hazard their Extinction, from Excess.
 My Change of *Heart* a Change of *Style* demands;
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
 And makes a Convert of my guilty Song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
 A panting Traveller, some rising Ground,

Some small Ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
 And measures with his Eye the various Vale,
 The Fields, Woods, Meads, and Rivers he has past;
 And, fatiate of his Journey, thinks of Home,
 Endear'd by Distance; nor affects more Toil:
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that Ascent
 The Muse has gain'd, review the Paths she trod;
 Various, extensive, beaten but by Few;
 And, conscious of her Prudence in Repose,
 Pause; and with Pleasure meditate an End,
 Though still remote; so fruitful is my Theme.
 Thro' many a Field of *Moral*, and *Divine*,
 The Muse has stray'd; and much of *Sorrow* seen,
 In human Ways; and much of *Falſe* and *Vain*;
 Which none, who travel this bad Road, can miſs:
 O'er *Friends* deceas'd full heartily ſhe wept;
 Of *Love Divine* the Wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
 Prov'd Man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *Source of Joy*;
 The grand *Tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the Bounds
 Of human *Grief*: In *few*, to cloſe the Whole,
 The moral *Muſe* has ſhadow'd out a Sketch,
 Though not in Form, nor with a *Raphael-Stroke*,

Of *Most* our Weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
 In this our Land of Travel, and of Hope,
 For Peace on *Earth*, or Prospect of the *Skies*.

WHAT then remains? --- Much! much! a mighty Debt
 To be discharg'd: These Thoughts, O NIGHT! are Thine;
 From Thee they came, like Lovers secret Sighs,
 While Others slept: So, CYNTHIA (Poets feign)
 In Shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her Sphere,
 Her Shepherd chear'd; of Her enamour'd less,
 Than I of Thee. --- And art Thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose Brow, and by whose Aid, I sing?
 Immoral Silence! --- Where shall I begin?
 Where end? Or how steal Musick from the Spheres,
 To sooth their Goddess?

O majestick NIGHT!
Nature's great Ancestor! *Day's* Elder-born!
 And fated to survive the transient Sun!
 By Mortals, and Immortals, seen with Awe!
 A starry Crown thy Raven-Brow adorns,
 An azure Zone, thy Waist; Clouds, in Heav'n's Loom
 Wrought thro' Varieties of Shape and Shade,

In ample Folds of Drapery divine,
 Thy flowing Mantle form, and, Heav'n throughout,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous Train :
 Thy gloomy Grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,
 Inspiring Aspect!) claim a grateful Verse;
 And, like a fable Curtain starr'd with Gold,
 Drawn o'er my Labours past, shall close the Scene.

AND what, O Man! so *worthy* to be sung?
 What more prepares us for the Songs of Heav'n?
Creation of Archangels is the Theme!
 What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well
 Celestial Joys prepares us to sustain?
 The Soul of Man, HIS Face design'd to see,
Who gave these Wonders to be seen by Man,
 Has *here* a previous Scene of Objects great,
 On which to dwell; to stretch to that Expanse
 Of Thought; to rise to that exalted Height
 Of Admiration; to contract that Awe,
 And give her whole Capacities that Strength,
 Which best may qualify for final Joy;

The

The more our Spirits are enlarg'd on *Earth*,
The deeper Draught shall they receive of *Heav'n*.

HEAV'N'S KING! whose Face unveil'd consummates Bliss;
(Redundant Bliss!) which fills that mighty Void,
The whole Creation leaves in human Hearts!
THOU, who didst touch the Lip of Jesse's Son,
Wrapt in sweet Contemplation of these Fires,
And set his Harp in Concert with the Spheres!
While of Thy Works *Material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring Song;
Loose me from *Earth's* Inclosure, from the *Sun's*
Contracted Circle set my Heart at large;
Eliminate my Spirit, give it Range
Through Provinces of Thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this stupendous Scaffolding,
Creation's golden Steps, to climb to THEE:
Teach me with *Art* great *Nature* to controul;
And spread a Lustre o'er the Shades of *Night*.
Feel I Thy kind Assent? And shall the *Sun*
Be seen at *Midnight*, rising in my Song?

LORENZO!

LORENZO! come, and warm thee: Thou, whose Heart,
 Whose *little* Heart, is moor'd within a Nook
 Of this obscure Terrestrial, Anchor weigh:
 Another Ocean calls; a *nobler* Port;
 I am thy Pilot, I thy prosp'rous Gale:
 Gainful thy Voyage through yon azure Main;
 Main, without Tempest, Pirate, Rock, or Shore;
 And whence thou may'st import *eternal* Wealth;
 And leave to *beggar'd* Minds the *Pearl* and *Gold*.
 Thy Travels dost thou boast o'er foreign Realms?
 Thou *Stranger* to the *World*! thy Tour *begin*;
 Thy Tour through *Nature's* universal Orb;
Nature delineates her whole Chart at large,
 On soaring Souls, that sail among the Spheres;
 And *Man* how purblind, if unknown the Whole?
 Who circles spacious *Earth*, Then travels *here*,
 Shall own, He never was from *Home* before!
 Come, my * PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed Rock
 Of *false* Ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
 We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial Fire,

* Night the Eighth.

And

And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars* ;
 A Theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

ABOVE our Atmosphere's intestine Wars,
 Rain's Fountain-Head, the Magazine of Hail,
 Above the Northern Nests of feather'd Snows,
 The Brew of Thunders, and the flaming Forge
 That forms the crooked Light'ning ; 'bove the Caves

Where infant Tempests wait their growing Wings,
 And tune their tender Voices to That Roar,
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a Guilty World ;
 Above misconstru'd Omens of the Sky,
 Far-travell'd Comets calculated Blaze,
 Elance thy Thought, and think of *more* than *Man* ;
 Thy Soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
 Blighted by Blasts of *Earth's* unwholesome Air,
 Will blossom *here* ; spread all her Faculties
 To these bright Ardors ; every Pow'r unfold,
 And rise into Sublimities of Thought ;
 Stars *teach*, as well as *shine* : At *Nature's* Birth,
 Thus, their Commission ran — “ Be kind to *Man*.”

Where art thou, poor benighted Traveller !

The *Stars* will light thee ; tho' the *Moon* should fail :
 Where art Thou, more benighted ! more astray !
 In Ways immoral ? The *Stars* call thee back ;
 And, if obey'd their Counsel, set thee right :
 Where are thou, *Virtue-Militant* ! The *Stars*
 Are thine Allies, all list'd on thy Side :
 By Thousands, and Ten thousands, they advance
 Their bright Battalions, in fair *Virtue's* Cause ;
 And keep strict Watch, and nightly light their Fires,
 Fires of Alarm, to warn thee of the Foe ;
 The Foe, that claims these Regions as *his own* ;
 Usurper bold ! High-stil'd, *The Prince of Air* !
 Beneath *Night's* awful Banner, let us draw
 Sidereal *Wisdom's* formidable Sword,
 And send him headlong to *far other* Flames.
 MICHAEL's alone, the Sword his mighty Arm
 Pluck'd from the golden Column in the Mount,
 The Mount Celestial, where the Sons of God
 Hang up Heav'n's Vengeance, far above the *Stars*,
 Above the *Sagittary's* humble Bow ;
 Could give the swarthy *Dæmon* deeper Wound.

AND was there need of ampler Field than *This*,
 When Giant-Angels Giant-Angels met,
 In fiery Conflict, and outrageous Storm,
 To controvert the Sceptre of the Skies?
 This Prospect vast, what is it? — Weigh'd aright,
 'Tis Nature's System of Divinity,
 And ev'ry Student of the *Night* inspires:
 'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by GOD's own Hand;
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by Man:
 LORENZO! with my *Radius* (the rich Gift
 Of Thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
 Its various Lessons; some that may surprize
 An Un-adept in Mysteries of NIGHT;
 Little, perhaps, expected in *her* School,
 Nor thought to grow on Planet, or on Star:
 Bulls, Lions, Scorpions, Monsters here we feign;
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
 Exists *indeed*; — a Lecture to Mankind.

WHAT read we *here*? — Th' Existence of a GOD? —
 Yes; and of other Beings, Man above;
 Natives of *Æther*! Sons of higher Climes!

Immortal Lights ! that govern these of Fire !
 And, what may move LORENZO's Wonder more,
 ETERNITY is written in the Skies :
 And whose Eternity ? — LORENZO ! *Thine* ;
Mankind's Eternity : Nor FAITH alone,
 VIRTUE grows here ; *here* springs the sov'reign Cure
 Of almost ev'ry Vice ; but, chiefly *Thine* ;
Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire :
 Dost ask --- “ Why call I thee at this late Hour,
 “ Which *all-wise Nature* destin'd to Repose ? ” —
 Yes, and to fit us for Repose more sweet
 Than Down can yield, or Man on Earth enjoy :
 Own *all-wise Nature* wiser still in This.
 LORENZO ! Thou canst wake at Midnight too,
 Tho' not on *Morals* bent : *Ambition, Pleasure* !
 Those Tyrants I for Thee so * lately fought,
 Afford their harraß'd Slaves but slender Rest.
Thou, to whom Midnight is *immoral* Noon,
 And the Sun's noon-tide Blaze, prime Dawn of Day !
 Not by thy Climate, but capricious Crime,

* Night the Eighth.

Commencing one of our *Antipodes* ?
 In thy nocturnal Rove, one Moment halt,
 'Twixt Stage and Stage, of Riot, and Cabal ;
 And lift thine Eye (if bold an Eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the Face of injur'd Heav'n)
 To yonder Stars : For other Ends they shine,
 Than to light Revellers from Shame to Shame,
 And, thus, be made Accomplices in Guilt.

WHY from yon Arch, that Infinite of Space,
 With Infinite of lucid Orbs replete,
 Which set the living Firmament on Fire,
 At the first Glance, in such an Overwhelm
 Of Wonderful, on Man's astonish'd Sight,
 Rushes OMNIPOTENCE ? — To curb our *Pride* ;
 Our *Reason* rouse, and lead it to That Pow'r,
 Whose Love lets down these Silver Chains of Light,
 To draw up Man's *Ambition* to *Himself*,
 And bind our *chaste Affections* to His Throne :
 Thus the Three Virtues, least alive on Earth,
 And welcom'd on Heav'n's Coast with most Applause,

An

An *Humble, 'Pure, and Heav'nly-minded Heart,*
Are *here* inspir'd : — And canst thou gaze too long?

NOR stands thy *Wrath* depriv'd of its Reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant Choir :
The Planets of each System represent
Kind Neighbours ; mutual Amity prevails ;
Sweet Interchange of Rays, receiv'd, return'd ;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd ! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted ! Patriot-like,
None sins against the Welfare of the Whole ;
But, their reciprocal, unselfish Aid,
Affords an Emblem of *Millennial Love*.
Nothing in Nature, much less *conscious Being*,
Was e'er created solely for Itself :
Thus Man his *sovereign* Duty learns in this
Material Picture of Benevolence.

AND know, of all our supercilious Race,
Thou most inflammable ! Thou Wasp of Men !
Man's angry Heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry Spheres ;

And

And *Nature's* Structure, broke by stubborn *Will*,
Breeds all that un-celestial Discord *there*.

Wilt thou not feel the Bias *Nature* gave?

Canst thou descend from Converse with the Skies,

And seize thy Brother's Throat?—For what?—A *Clod*,

An Inch of *Earth*? The *Planets* cry “Forbear.”

They chase our double Darkness; *Nature's* Gloom,

And, kinder still! our *intellectual* Night.

AND see, *Day's* amiable Sister sends

Her Invitation, in the softest Rays

Of mitigated Lustre; courts thy Sight,

Which suffers from her Tyrant-Brother's Blaze:

Night grants thee the full Freedom of the Skies,

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted Eye;

With *Gain*, and *Joy*, she bribes thee to be wise:

Night opes the noblest Scenes, and sheds an Awe,

Which gives those venerable Scenes full Weight,

And deep Reception, in th' intender'd Heart;

While Light peeps thro' the Darkness, like a Spy;

And Darkness shews its Grandeur by the Light:

Nor is the *Profit* greater than the *Joy*,

If

If human Hearts at glorious Objects glow,
And Admiration can inspire Delight.

WHAT speak I more, than I, This Moment, feel ?
With pleasing Stupor first the Soul is struck
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly Wife !)
Then into Transport starting from her Trance,
With Love, and Admiration, how she glows !
This gorgeous Apparatus ! This Display !
This Ostentation of creative Pow'r !
This Theatre ! --- what Eye can take it in ?
By what divine Enchantment was it rais'd,
For Minds of the first Magnitude to launch
In endless Speculation, and adore ?
One Sun by Day ; by Night *Ten thousand* shine ;
And light us deep into the DEITY,
How boundless in Magnificence and Might ?
O what a Confluence of ethereal Fires,
From Urns un-number'd, down the Steep of Heav'n,
Streams to a Point, and centers in my Sight ?
Nor tarries *there* ; I feel it at my *Heart* ;
My Heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts ;

Lays it in Dust, and calls it to the Skies.
 Who sees it, unexalted, and unaw'd?
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
 Material Off-spring of OMNIPOTENCE!
 Inanimate, All-animating Birth!
 Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy Praise!
 All Praise! Praise *more* than human! nor deny'd.
 Thy Praise *Divine*! --- But tho' Man, drown'd in Sleep,
 With-holds his Homage, not *alone* I wake;
 Bright Legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
 By mortal Ear, the glorious Architect,
 In This His universal Temple, hung
 With Lustres, with innumerable Lights,
 That shed Religion on the Soul: At once,
 The *Temple*, and the *Preacher*! O how loud
 It calls Devotion? genuine Growth of *Night*!
Devotion! Daughter of Astronomy!
 An *undevout* Astronomer is *mad*.
 True; All Things speak a GOD; but, in the Small,
 Men trace out *Him*; in Great, *He* seizes Man:
 Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
 With new Inquiries, 'mid Associates new:

Tell

Tell me, ye Stars ! ye Planets ! tell me, all
 Ye Starr'd, and Planeted, Inhabitants ! What is it ?
 What are these Sons of Wonder ? Say, proud Arch !
 (Within whose azure Palaces they dwell)
 Built with Divine Ambition ! in Disdain
 Of Limit built ! built in the Taste of Heav'n !
 Vast Concave ! Ample Dome ! Wast thou design'd
 A meet Apartment for the DEITY ? —
 Not so ; That Thought alone thy State impairs,
 Thy *Lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *Profound*,
 And streightens thy *Diffusive* ; dwarfs the Whole,
 And makes an Universe an *Orrery*.

BUT when I drop mine Eye, and look on Man,
 Thy Right regain'd, thy Grandeur is restor'd,
 O *Nature* ! wide flies off th' expanding Round :
 As when whole Magazines, at once, are fir'd,
 The smitten Air is hollow'd by the Blow ;
 The vast Displosion dissipates the Clouds,
 Shock'd Æther's Billows dash the distant Skies ;
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding Round flies off,
 And leaves a mighty Void, a spacious Womb,

Might teem with new Creation ; Re-inflam'd
 Thy Luminaries triumph, and assume
 Divinity themselves : Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprizing Pomp,
 Such godlike Glory, stole the Style of Gods,
 From Ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *Sense* ;
 For, sure, to *Sense*, they truly are divine,
 And half-absolv'd Idolatry from Guilt ;
 Nay, turn'd it into *Virtue* : Such it was
 To those, who put forth all they had of *Man*
 Unlost, to lift their Thought, nor mounted higher ;
 But, weak of Wing, on Planets perch'd ; and thought
 What was their Highest, must be their Ador'd.

BUT They how *weak*, who could no higher mount ?
 And are there, then, LORENZO ! Those, to whom
 Unseen, and Unexistent, are the Same ?
 And if Incomprehensible is join'd,
 Who dare pronounce it Madness, to *believe* ?
 Why has the Mighty BUILDER thrown aside
 All Measure in His Work ; stretch'd out His Line
 So far, and spread Amazement o'er the Whole ?

Then

Then (as He took Delight in wide Extremes),
 Deep in the Bosom of His Universe,
 Dropt down that *reasoning* Mite, that Insect, *Man*,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the Scene?—
 That Man might ne'er presume to plead Amazement
 For Disbelief of Wonders in *Himself*;
 Shall GOD be less miraculous, than what
 His Hand has form'd? Shall *Mysteries* descend
 From *Un-mysterious*? Things more Elevate,
 Be more Familiar? Uncreated lie
 More obvious than Created, to the Grasp
 Of human Thought? The *more* of Wonderful
 Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent:
 Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be;
 Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*:
 A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD;
Man's Distance how immense? On *such* a Theme,
 Know This, LORENZO! (seem it ne'er so strange,)
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
 Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
 The Scene thou seest attests the Truth I sing,
 And ev'ry Star sheds Light upon thy Creed:

These Stars, this Furniture, this Coſt, of Heav'n,
 If but *reported*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd ;
 But thine *Eye* tells thee, the *Romance* is true :
 The Grand of Nature is th' Almighty's Oath,
 In *Reason's* Court, to ſilence *Unbelief*.

How my Mind, op'ning at this Scene, imbibes
 The moral Emanations of the Skies,
 While nought, perhaps, LORENZO leſs admires ?
 Has the Great Sov'reign ſent Ten thouſand Worlds
 To tell us, *He* reſides above them All,
 In Glory's unapproachable Recess ?
 And dare *Earth's* bold Inhabitants deny
 The ſumptuous, the magnificent Embaſſy
 A Moment's Audience ? Turn we ? nor will hear
 From whom they come, or what they would impart
 For Man's Emolument ; ſole Cauſe that ſtoops
 Their Grandeur to Man's Eye ? LORENZO ! rouse ;
 Let Thought, awaken'd, take the Lightning's Wing,
 And glance from Eaſt to Weſt, from Pole to Pole ;
 Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd,
 Renounces *Reason*, or a GOD adores ?

Mankind

Mankind was sent into the World to *see* :
 Sight gives the Science needful to their Peace ;
 That obvious Science asks *small* Learning's Aid :
 Wouldst thou on Metaphysic Pinions soar ?
 Or wound thy Patience amid Logic Thorns ?
 Or travel History's enormous Round ?
Nature no such hard Task enjoins : She gave
 A Make to Man directive of his Thought ;
 A Make set upright, pointing to the Stars,
 As who should say, " Read thy chief Lesson there."
 Too late to read this Manuscript of Heav'n,
 When, like a Parchment-Scroll, shrunk up by Flames,
 It folds LORENZO's Lesson from his Sight.

LESSON how various ! Not the GOD alone,
 I see His *Ministers* ; I see, diffus'd
 In radiant Orders, Essences sublime,
 Of various Offices, of various Plume,
 In heav'nly Liveries, distinctly, clad,
 Azure, Green, Purple, Pearl, or downy Gold,
 Or all commix'd ; they stand, with Wings outspread,
 Lift'ning to catch the Master's least Command,
 And fly thro' *Nature*, e'er the Moment ends ;

Numbers innumerable! — Well conceiv'd
 By *Pagan*, and by *Christian*! O'er each Sphere
 Presides an Angel, to direct its Course,
 And feed, or fan, its Flames; or to discharge
 Other high Trust unknown: For who can see
 Such Pomp of Matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
 For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler Son,
 Far liker the great *SIRE*! — 'Tis thus the Skies
 Inform us of Superiors numberless,
 As much, in *Excellence*, above Mankind,
 As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*:
These, as a Cloud of Witnesses, hang o'er us;
 In a throng'd Theatre are all our Deeds;
 Perhaps, a Thousand Demi-gods descend
 On ev'ry Beam we see, to walk with Men;
 Awful Reflection! Strong Restraint from Ill!
 Yet, *here*, our Virtue finds still stronger Aid
 From these ethereal Glories *Sense* surveys;
 Something, like Magick, strikes from this blue Vault;
 With just Attention is it view'd? We feel
 A sudden Succour, un-implor'd, un-thought;
Nature

Nature herself does Half the Work of *Man*:
Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, Defarts, Rocks,
The Promontory's Height, the Depth profound
Of Subterranean, excavated Grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted-high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* Structure, or the Scoop of *Time*;
If ample of Dimension, vast of Size,
Even *These* an aggrandizing Impulse give;
Of solemn Thought enthusiastic Heights
Even *These* infuse. --- But what of Vast in *These*?
Nothing; --- (or we must own the Skies forgot):
Much less in *Art*. --- Vain *Art*! Thou Pigmy-Pow'r!
How dost thou swell, and strut, with human Pride;
To shew thy Littleness? What childish Toys,
Thy watry Columns squirted to the Clouds?
Thy bason'd Rivers, and imprison'd Seas?
Thy Mountains molded into Forms of Men?
Thy Hundred-Gated *Capitals*? or Those
Where Three Days Travel left us much to ride
Gazing on Miracles by Mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, Theaters immense,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in Mid-Air?

Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods Half-way?
Yet *These* affect us in no common Kind;
What then the Force of such superior Scenes?
Enter a Temple, it will strike an Awe;
What Awe from This the DEITY has built?
A *Good Man* seen, tho' silent, Counsel gives;
The touch'd Spectator wishes to be Wise:
In a bright Mirror His own Hands have made,
Here we see Something like the Face of GOD:
Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO!
To Man abandon'd, "Hast thou seen the Skies?"

AND yet, so thwarted Nature's kind Design,
By daring Man, he makes her sacred Awe,
That Guard from Ill, his Shelter, his Temptation
To more than common Guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial Art's Intent: The trembling Stars
See Crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the Gloom
With Front erect, that hide their Head by Day,
And making Night still *darker* by their Deeds:
Slumb'ring in Covert, till the Shades descend,
Rapine, and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for Prey:

The

The Miser earths his Treasure; and the Thief,
 Watching the Mole, half-beggars him e'er Morn;
 Now *Plots*, and foul *Conspiracies*, awake;
 And, muffling up their Horrors from the Moon,
 Havock, and Devastation, they prepare,
 And Kingdoms tottering in the Field of Blood;
 Now Sons of Riot in Mid-Revel rage:
 What shall I do? — suppress it? or proclaim?
 Why *sleeps* the Thunder? Now, LORENZO now,
 His best Friend's Couch the rank Adulterer
 Ascends secure; and laughs at Gods, and Men:
 Prepost'rous Madmen, void of Fear or Shame,
 Lay their Crimes bare to these chaste Eyes of Heav'n?
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a Mortal's Sight,
 Were Moon, and Stars, for Villains *only* made?
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious Light?
 No; they were made to fashion the Sublime
 Of human Hearts, and *wiser* make the *Wise*.

THOSE Ends were answer'd once; when Mortals liv'd
 Of Stronger Wing, of Aquiline Ascent;
 In Theory Sublime; O how unlike

H

Those

Those Vermin of the Night, (this Moment sung)
 Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her Venom feed?
 Those ancient Sages, *Human Stars*! They met
 Their Brothers of the *Skies*, at Midnight-Hour;
 Their Counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd
 The *Stagyrite*; and *Plato*; He who drank
 The poison'd Bowl; and He of *Tusculum*;
 With Him of *Corduba* (immortal Names!);
 In these Unbounded, and *Elysian*, Walks,
 An Area fit for Gods, and Godlike Men,
 They took their nightly Round, thro' radiant Paths
 By *Seraphs* trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in Their bright Footsteps here Below;
 To walk in Worth still brighter than the Skies:
 There, they contracted their Contempt of *Earth*;
 Of Hopes eternal kindled, There, the Fire;
 There, as in near Approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great Visitants!) more intimate with GOD,
 More worth to Men, more joyous to *Themselves*:
 Thro' various *Virtues*, they, with Ardor, ran
 The *Zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious Lives.
 In *Christian* Hearts, O for a *Pagan* Zeal!

A needful,

A *needful*, but *approbrious* Pray'r! As much
 Our *Ardor* Less, as Greater is our *Light*;
 How monstrous This in *Morals*? Scarce more strange
 Would this *Phænomenon* in Nature strike,
 A *Sun*, that froze us, or a *Star*, that warm'd.

WHAT taught these Heroes of the Moral World?

To These thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too;

These Doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;

And *Pagan* Tutors are thy Taste. — They taught,

That, Narrow Views betray to Misery;

That, Wise it is to comprehend the Whole;

That, *Virtue* rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well;

The single Base of *Virtue* built to Heav'n;

That GOD, and *Nature*, our Attention claim;

That, *Nature* is the Glass reflecting GOD,

As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,

Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his Sphere;

That, *Mind*, immortal, loves immortal Aims;

That, boundless *Mind* affects a boundless Space;

That, Vast Surveys, and the Sublime of Things,

The Soul assimilate, and make her Great;

That, therefore, Heav'n her Glories, as a Fund
Of Inspiration, thus spreads out to Man.
Such are their Doctrines; *Such* the *Night* inspir'd.

AND what more True? What Truth of greater Weight?
The Soul of Man was made to walk the Skies;
Delightful Outlet of her Prison *Here!*
There, disincumber'd from her Chains, the Ties
Of Toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full Proportion let loose all her Powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something Great:
Nor, as a Stranger, does she wander There;
But, wonderful Herself, thro' Wonders strays;
Contemplating *their* Grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their Oeconomy divine,
Sits high in Judgment on their various Laws,
And, like a Master, judges not amiss:
Hence, greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the Soul
Grows conscious of her Birth celestial; breathes
More Life, more Vigour, in her native Air;

And

And feels herself *at home* among the Stars;

And, feeling, emulates her Country's Praise.

WHAT call we, then, the Firmament, LORENZO?

As *Earth* the Body, since, the *Skies* sustain

The Soul with Food, that gives immortal Life,

Call it, The noble Pasture of the *Mind*,

Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,

And riots thro' the Luxuries of Thought:

Call it, The Garden of the DEITY,

Blossom'd with Stars, redundant in the Growth

Of Fruit ambrosial; *moral* Fruit to Man:

Call it, The Breast-plate of the true High-Priest,

Ardent with Gems oracular, that give,

In Points of highest Moment, right Response;

And ill-neglected, if we prize our Peace.

THUS, have we found a *true* Astrology;

Thus, have we found a new, and noble, Sense,

In which *alone* Stars govern human Fates:

O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall

Bloodshed, and Havock, on embattled Realms,

And rescu'd *Monarchs* from so black a Guilt!
 BOURBON! this With how gen'rous in a Foe?
 Wouldst thou be Great, wouldst thou become a God,
 And stick thy deathless Name among the Stars,
 For mighty Conquests on a Needle's Point?
 Instead of forging Chains for *Foreigners*,
Bastile thy Tutor : Grandeur All thy Aim?
 As yet thou know'st not what it is : How Great,
 How Glorious, *then*, appears the Mind of Man,
 When in it All the Stars, and Planets, roll?
 And what it *seems*, it is : Great Objects make
 Great Minds, enlarging as their Views enlarge ;
 Those still more Godlike, as These more Divine.

AND more divine than These, thou canst not see :
 Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious Draught
 Of miscellaneous Splendors, how I reel
 From Thought to Thought, inebriate, without End?
 An Eden, This! a PARADISE *un-lost* !
 I meet the DEITY in ev'ry View,
 And tremble at my Nakedness before Him!
 O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life* !

For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our Taste;
No *Flaming-Sword* denies our Entrance *Here*;
Would Man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

LORENZO! much of *Moral* hast thou seen:
Of curious Arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* Glories of the Skies:
In Number, Weight, and Measure, All ordain'd;
LORENZO's boasted Builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finish his aerial Towns;
Wisdom, and *Choice*, their well-known Characters
Here deep-impres; and claim it for their Own:
Tho' splendid All, no Splendor void of Use;
Use rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Pow'r*;
No wanton Waste, amid effuse Expence;
The Great O E C O N O M I S T adjusting All
To prudent Pomp, magnificently Wise:
How rich the Prospect! and for ever New!
And *newest* to the Man that views it *most*;
For Newer still in Infinite succeeds:
Then, These aerial Racers, O how Swift?
How the Shaft *loiters* from the strongest String!
Spirit Alone can distance the Career.

Orb above Orb ascending without End, it grows
Circle in Circle, without End, inclos'd!
Wheel within Wheel, EZAKIEL! like to Thine!
Like Thine, it seems a Vision, or a Dream;
Tho' *seen*, we labour to believe it *true*!
What Involution! What Extent! What Swarms
Of Worlds, that laugh at *Earth*, immensely Great!
Immensely distant from each other's Spheres!
What, then, the wond'rous *Space* thro' which they roll?
At once it quite ingulphs all human Thought;
'Tis Comprehension's absolute Defeat.

NOR think thou seest a wild Disorder here;
Thro' this illustrious Chaos, to the Sight,
Arrangement neat, and chafest Order, reign.
The Path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless Sallies of Mankind:
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What Knots are ty'd? How soon are they dissolv'd,
And set the seeming marry'd Planets free?
They rove for ever, without Error rove,
Confusion unconfus'd! None less admire
This Tumult untumultuous: All on Wing,

In Motion, All! yet what profound Repose?
 What fervid Action, yet no Noise! as aw'd
 To Silence, by the Presence of their LORD;
 Or hush'd, by *His* Command, in Love to Man,
 And bid let fall soft Beams on human Rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon carulean Plain,
 In Exultation to *Their* GOD, and *Thine*,
 They dance, they sing eternal Jubilee,
 Eternal Celebration of *His* Praise:
 But, since their *Song* arrives not at our Ear,
 Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the Sight
 Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerless Power:
 Mark, how, the *Labyrinthian* Turns they take,
 The Circles intricate, and mystic Maze,
 Weave the grand Cypher of *Omnipotence*;
 To *Gods*, how Great? how Legible to *Man*?

LEAVES so much Wonder greater Wonder still?
 Where are the Pillars that support the Skies?
 What More than *Atlantean* Shoulder props
 The incumbent Load? What Magick, what strange Art,
 In fluid Air these ponderous Orbs sustains?

Who would not think them hung in golden Chains?
And so they are; in the high Will of Heav'n,
Which fixes All; makes Adamant of Air,
Or Air of Adamant; makes All of Nought,
Or Nought of All; if *such* the dread Decree.

IMAGINE from their deep Foundations torn
The most gigantic Sons of Earth, the broad
And tow'ring *Alps*, all tost into the Sea;
And, light as Down, or volatile as Air,
Their Bulks enormous dancing on the Waves,
In Time, and Measure, exquisite; while all
The Winds, in Emulation of the Spheres,
Tune their sonorous Instruments aloft;
The Concert swell, and animate the Ball:
Would this appear amazing? What, then, Worlds,
In a far thinner Element sustain'd,
And acting the same Part, with greater Skill,
More rapid Movement, and for noblest *Ends*?
More *obvious* Ends to pass, are not these Stars
The Seats majestic, proud imperial Thrones,
On which angelic Delegates of Heav'n,
At certain Periods, as the SOVEREIGN nods,

Discharge high Trusts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*,
 To cloath, in outward Grandeur, Grand Design,
 And Acts most Solemn, still more solemnize?

YE Citizens of Air! what ardent Thanks,
 What full Effusion of the grateful Heart,
 Is due from Man, indulg'd in such a Sight?

A Sight so Noble! and a Sight so Kind!
 It drops *new* Truths at ev'ry *new* Survey!

Feels not LORENZO Something stir within,
 That sweeps away all Period? As These Spheres
Measure Duration, they no less inspire

The Godlike Hope of Ages without End:

The boundless *Space*, thro' which these Rovers take
 Their restless Roam, suggests the Sister-Thought

Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* Skill,

To Man un-labour'd, that important Guest

ETERNITY, finds Entrance at the *Sight*:

And an *Eternity*, for Man ordain'd,

Or These his destin'd Midnight Counsellors,

The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to Man:

NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her Sons:

Could she then kindle the most ardent Wish

To *disappoint* it? — That is Blasphemy.

Thus, of thy Creed a Second Article,

Momentous, as the Existence of a GOD,

Is found (as I conceive) where rarely fought;

And thou may'st read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.

HERE, then, LORENZO! on these Glories dwell,

Nor want the gilt, illuminated, Roof,

That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark Delights:

Assemblées? — This is one divinely bright;

Here, un-endanger'd in Health, Wealth, or Fame;

Range thro' the fairest, and the SULTAN scorn:

He, wise as *Thou*, no *Crescent* holds so fair,

As That, which on his Turbant awes a World;

And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy Him:

Look on her, and gain more than Worlds can give,

A Mind superior to the Charms of *Power*.

Thou muffled in Delusions of this Life!

Can yonder *Moon* turn Ocean in his Bed,

From Side to Side, in constant Ebb, and Flow,

And purify from Stench his watry Realms?

And fails her *moral* Influence? Wants she Power

To turn LORENZO's stubborn Tide of Thought
 From stagnating on *Earth's* infected Shore,
 And purge from Nuisance his corrupted Heart ?
 Fails her Attraction when it draws to Heaven ?
 Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth's* Joy ?
 Minds elevate, and, panting for *Unseen*,
 And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain
 Full Relish of Existence un-deflower'd,
 The *Life* of Life, the *Zest* of worldly Bliss.
 All else on Earth amounts — to what ? To *This*,
 “ BAD to be *Suffer'd*; BLESSINGS to be *Left* : ”
 Earth's richest Inventory boasts no more.

OF higher Scenes be, then, the Call obey'd :
 O let me gaze ! — Of Gazing there's no End :
 O let me think ! — Thought too is wilder'd *here* ;
 In Mid-way Flight Imagination tires :
 Yet soon re-prunes her Wing to soar anew,
 Her Point unable to forbear, or gain ;
 So *great* the Pleasure, so *profound* the Plan !
 A Banquet, This, where Men, and Angels, meet,
 Eat the same *Manna*, mingle Earth, and Heaven :

How distant some of these nocturnal Suns ?
 So distant (says the Sage) 'twere not absurd
 To doubt, if Beams, set out at *Nature's* Birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign World ;
 Tho' nothing half so rapid as their Flight :
 An Eye of Awe and Wonder let me roll,
 And roll *for ever* : Who can satiate Sight
 In *such* a Scene ! in such an Ocean wide
 Of deep Astonishment ! Where Depth, Height, Breadth,
 Are lost in their Extremes ; and where to count
 The thick-sown Glories in this Field of Fire,
 Perhaps a *Seraph's* Computation fails.
 Now, go, *Ambition* ! boast thy boundless Might
 In Conquest, o'er the Tenth Part of a Grain.

AND yet LORENZO calls for Miracles,
 To give his tott'ring Faith a solid Base :
 Why call for Less than is *already* thine ?
 Thou art no Novice in Theology ;
 What is a *Miracle* ? — 'Tis a Reproach,
 'Tis an implicit Satire, on Mankind ;
 And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too :

To Common-Sense, Great *Nature's* Course proclaims
 A DEITY: When Mankind falls asleep,
 A *Miracle* is sent, as an Alarm,
 To wake the World, and prove *Him* o'er again,
 By recent Argument, but not more *strong*.
 Say, Which imports more Plenitude of Power,
 Or Nature's Laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
 To *make* a Sun, or *stop* his Mid-Career?
 To countermand his Orders, and send back
 The flaming Courier to the frightened *East*,
 Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his Evening-Ray;
 Or bid the *Moon*, as with her Journey tir'd,
 In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry, Vale repose?
 Great Things are These; still Greater, to *create*.
 From ADAM'S Bow'r look down thro' the whole Train
 Of Miracles; — Resistless is their Power?
 They do not, *can* not, more amaze the Mind,
 Than This, call'd un-miraculous Survey,
 If *duly* weigh'd, if *rational*ly seen,
 If seen with *human* Eyes: The *Brute*, indeed,
 Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
 Sayst thou, "The Course of *Nature* governs All?"

The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Art* of GOD;

The Miracles thou call'st for, *This* attest;

For, say, Could *Nature* *Nature's* Course controul?

BUT, Miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END?

Who turns his Eye on *Nature's* Midnight-Face,

But must inquire — “What Hand behind the Scene,

“What Arm Almighty, put these wheeling Globes

“In Motion, and wound up the vast Machine?

“Who rounded in his Palm these spacious Orbs?

“Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark Profound,

“Num'rous as glittering Gems of Morning-Dew,

“Or Sparks from populous Cities in a Blaze,

“And set the Bosom of *Old Night* on Fire?

“Peopled her Desert, and made Horror *smile*?”

Or, if the Military Stile delights thee,

(For Stars have fought their Battles, leagu'd with *Man*)

“Who marshals this bright Host? Enrolls their Names?

“Appoints their Posts, their Marches, and Returns,

“Punctual at stated Periods? Who disbands

“These Veteran Troops, their final Duty done,

“If

" If e'er disbanded ? " --- HE, whose potent Word,
 Like the loud Trumpet, levy'd first their Powers
 In *Night's* inglorious Empire, where they slept
 In Beds of Darkness ; arm'd them with fierce Flames,
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in Gold ;
 And call'd them out of *Ghaos* to the Field,
 Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
 O let us join This Army ! Joining These,
 Will give us Hearts intrepid, at That Hour,
 When *brighter* Flames shall cut a *darker* Night ;
 When These strong Demonstrations of a GOD
 Shall hide their Heads, or tumble from their Spheres ;
 And One *eternal* Curtain cover All !

STRUCK at *that* Thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
 A more enlighten'd Eye, and read the Stars
 To Man still more propitious ; and their Aid
 (Tho' guiltless of Idolatry) implore ;
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest Name :
 O ye *Dividers of my Time* ! Ye bright
 Accomptants of my Days, and Months, and Years,
 In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd !

Since that authentic, radiant Register,
 Tho' Man inspects it not, stands good against him;
 Since *You*, and *Years*, roll on, tho' Man stands still;
 Teach me my Days to number, and apply
 My trembling Heart to *Wisdom*; now beyond
 All Shadows of Excuse for fooling on:
Age smoothes our Path to Prudence; sweeps aside
 The Snares, keen *Appetite*, and *Passion*, spread
 To catch stray Souls; and, Woe to That grey Head,
 Whose *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done!
 Aid, then, aid, All ye Stars! — Much rather **THOU**,
 Great **ARTIST**! Thou, whose Finger set aright
 This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
 Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable, Flight,
 With such an *Index* fair, as none can miss,
 Who lifts an Eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
 Open mine Eye, Dread **DEITY**! to read
 The tacit Doctrine of Thy Works; to see
 Things as they are, un-alter'd thro' the Glass
 Of worldly Wishes: *Time*! *Eternity*!
 ('Tis These, mis-measur'd, ruins all Mankind)

Set them before me; let me lay them Both
 In equal Scale, and learn their various Weight:
 Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it is;
 And let *Eternity's* full Orb, at once,
 Turn on my Soul, and strike it into Heaven:
 When shall I see far more than charms me Now?
 Gaze on Creation's Model in *Thy* Breast
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the Transcript more?
 When, This vile, foreign, Dust, which smothers All
 That travel *Earth's* deep Vale, shall I shake off?
 When shall my Soul her Incarnation quit,
 And, re-adopted to *Thy* blest Embrace,
 Obtain her *Apotheosis* in *THEE*?

DOST think LORENZO! this is wandering wide?
 No, 'tis directly striking at the Mark;
 To wake thy dead *Devotion* * was my Point;
 And how I bless *Night's* consecrating Shades,
 Which to a *Temple* turn an *Universe*;
 Fill us with great Ideas, full of Heaven,
 And antidote the pestilential Earth?

* Page 32.

In every Storm, that either frowns, or falls,
 What an Asylum has the Soul, in Prayer;
 And what a Fane is *This*, in which to pray?
 And what a GOD must dwell in such a Fane?
 O what a Genius must inform the Skies?
 And is LORENZO's Salamander-Heart
 Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred Fires?
 O ye nocturnal Sparks! Ye glowing Embers,
 On Heaven's broad Hearth! Who burn, or burn no more;
 Who blaze, or die, as Great JEHOVAH's Breath
 Or blows you, or forbears! assist my Song;
 Pour your whole Influence; exorcize his Heart,
 So long possess'd; and bring him back to *Man*.

AND is LORENZO a Demurrer *still*?
Pride in thy Parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *Parts* to Shame:
 Nor shame they more LORENZO's *Head*, than *Heart*;
 A *faitblefs* Heart, how despicably Small?
 Too Streight, aught Great, or Generous, to receive!
 Fill'd with an Atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self*!
 And *Self* mistaken! *Self*, that lasts an Hour!

Instincts and *Passions*, of the nobler Kind,
 Lie suffocated There ; or *They* alone,
Reason apart, would wake High Hope ; and open,
 To ravish'd Thought, that *Intellectual* Sphere,
 Where *Order*, *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Providence*,
 Their endless Miracles of Love display,
 And promise All the truly Great desire.
 The Mind that would be *happy*, must be *great* ;
 Great, in its *Wishes* ; Great, in its *Surveys* :
 Extended Views a narrow Mind extend ;
 Push out its corrugate, expansive Make,
 Which, e'er-long, *more* than Planets shall embrace ;
 A Man of *Compass* makes a Man of *Worth* :
Divine contemplate, and become *Divine*.

As Man was made for Glory, and for Bliss,
 All Littleness is in Approach to Woe ;
 Open thy Bosom, set thy Wishes wide,
 And let in *Manhood* ; let in *Happiness* ;
 Admit the boundless Theatre of Thought
 From Nothing, up to GOD ; which makes a *Man* :
 Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing Great is left ;

Man's Mind is in a Pit, and nothing sees ;
 Man's Heart is in a Jakes, and loves the Mire :
 Emerge from thy Profound ; erect thine Eye ;
 See thy Distress ! How close art thou besieg'd !
 Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud Sceptic's Foe !
 Inclos'd by these innumerable Worlds,
 Sparkling Conviction on the darkest Mind,
 As in a golden Net of PROVIDENCE,
 How art thou caught ? Sure Captive of Belief !
 From this thy blest Captivity, what Art,
 What Blasphemy to Reason, sets thee free ?
 This Scene is Heaven's indulgent Violence,
 Canst thou bear up against this Tide of Glory ?
 What is Earth bosom'd in these ambient Orbs,
 But, Faith in GOD impos'd, and press'd on Man ?
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate Cause,
 Spite of these numerous, awful, *Witnesses*,
 And doubt the *Deposition*, of the Skies ?
 That bright Connexion between Hearts, and Heaven !
 O how laborious is thy Way to Ruin ?
 LABORIOUS ?

LABORIOUS? 'Tis *impracticable* quite;
 To sink beyond a *Doubt*, in this Debate,
 With all his Weight of Wisdom, and of Will,
 And Crime flagitious, I defy a Fool:
Some wish they *did*, but *no* Man *disbelieves*.
 GOD is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike
 These gross, material, Organs; GOD by Man
 As much is seen, as *Man* a GOD can see,
 In these astonishing Exploits of Power:
 What Order, Beauty, Motion, Distance, Size!
 Concertion of Design, how exquisite!
 How complicate! in their divine Police!
 Apt Means! Great Ends! Consent to general Good!—
 Each Attribute of these *material* Gods,
 So long (and that with specious Pleas) ador'd,
 A separate Conquest gains o'er Rebel Thought;
 And leads in Triumph the whole Mind of Man.

LORENZO! This may seem *Harangue* to Thee;
 Such All, is apt to seem, that thwarts our Will:
 And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* Proof

Of this great Master-Moral of the Skies,
 Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there*?
 Since 'tis the Basis, and All drops without it;
 Take it, in One compact, unbroken Chain:
Such Proof insists on an attentive Ear;
 'Twill not make One amid a Mob of Thoughts,
 And, for thy Notice, struggle with the World;
Retire;—The *World* shut out;—Thy Thoughts call Home;—
Imagination's airy Wing repress;—
 Lock up thy *Senses*;—Let no *Passion* stir;—
 Wake all to *Reason*; Let *her* reign alone;—
 Then, in thy *Soul's* deep Silence, and the Depth
 Of *Nature's* Silence, Midnight, thus inquire,
 As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.
 In Nature's Chancel, thus the Questions run.

“ *What* am I? and from *Whence*? —I nothing know,

“ But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude

“ Something *Eternal*; Had there e'er been *Nought*,

“ *Nought* still had been: *Eternal* there *must* be —

“ But *What* *Eternal*? — Why not *Human Race*;

“ And ADAM's Ancestors without an End? —

“ That's

- " That's hard to be conceiv'd ; since every Link
 " Of that long-chain'd Succession is so frail ;
 " Can every *Part depend*, and not the *Whole* ?
 " Yet grant it True ; *new* Difficulties rise ;
 " I'm still quite out at Sea ; nor see the Shore.
 " Whence *Earth*, and these bright *Orbs* ? --- *Eternal* too ? ---
 " Grant *Matter* was *Eternal* ; still these *Orbs*
 " Would want some Other Father : --- Much Design
 " Is seen in all their *Motions*, all their *Makes* :
 " *Design* implies *Intelligence*, and *Art* ;
 " *That* can't be from *Themselves* --- or *Man* : *That Art*
 " Man scarce can comprehend, could Man bestow ?
 " And nothing Greater, yet allow'd, than *Man*. ---
 " Who, *Motion*, foreign to the smallest Grain,
 " Shot thro' vast Masses of enormous Weight ?
 " Who bid brute *Matter's* restive Lump assume
 " Such various Forms, and gave it Wings to fly ?
 " Has Matter *innate* Motion ? Then each Atom,
 " Asserting its indisputable Right
 " To dance, would form an Universe of Dust :
 " Has Matter *none* ? Then whence these glorious Forms,
 " And boundless Flights, from *Shapeless*, and *Repos'd* ?

- " Has Matter *more* than Motion ? Has it Thought,
 " Judgment, and Genius ? Is it deeply learn'd
 " In *Mathematics* ? Has it fram'd *such* Laws,
 " Which, but to *guess*, a NEWTON made Immortal ? —
 " If so, how each *sage* Atom laughs at *me*,
 " Who think a *Clod* inferior to a *Man* ?
 " If Art, to form ; and Council, to conduct ;
 " And That with greater far, than Human Skill ;
 " Resides not in each Block ; — a GODHEAD reigns. —
 " Grant, then, Invifible, Eternal, MIND ;
 " *That* granted, All is solv'd. — But, granting *That*,
 " Draw I not o'er me a still darker Cloud ?
 " Grant I not *That* which I can ne'er conceive ?
 " A Being without Origin, or End ! —
 " Hail, Human Liberty ! There is no GOD —
 " Yet, Why ? On either Scheme that Knot fubfifts ;
 " Subfift it *must*, in GOD, or *Human Race* ;
 " If in the Laft, how many Knots befide,
 " Indiffoluble All ? — Why chufe it *There*,
 " Where, chosen, ftill fubfift Ten thousand more ?
 " Reject it ; where *That* chosen, all the Reft
 " Difpers'd, leave *Reason's* whole Horizon clear ?

" This

- " This is not Reason's Dictate; *Reason* says,
 " Close with the Side where *One Grain* turns the Scale;
 " What vast Preponderance is Here? Can Reason
 " With louder Voice exclaim — *Believe a GOD?*
 " And *Reason* heard, is the sole Mark of Man.
 " What Things Impossible must Man think True,
 " On any other System? And how strange
 " To *Disbelieve*, through mere Credulity?"

IF, in this Chain, LORENZO finds no Flaw,
 Let it for ever bind him to *Belief*:
 And where the Link, in which a Flaw he finds? —
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how Great?
 How Great that POWER, whose Providential Care
 Thro' these bright Orbs dark Centers darts a Ray?
 Of *Nature* universal threads the Whole?
 And hangs *Creation*, like a precious Gem,
 Tho' Little, on the Footstool of His Throne?

THAT Little Gem, how Large? A Weight let fall
 From a fixt Star; in Ages can it reach
 This distant *Earth*? Say, then, LORENZO! where,

Where, ends this mighty Building ? Where, begin
 The Suburbs of Creation ? Where, the Wall
 Whose Battlements look o'er into the Vale
 Of Non-Existence ? NOTHING's strange Abode
 Dread, bottomless, *Amazement* ! how it yawns ?
 How shuddering *Fancy* sickens, and recoils ?
 And is it *there* LORENZO *hopes* to dwell ?
 Say, at what Point of Space JEHOVAH dropp'd
 His slacken'd *Line*, and laid His *Ballance* by ;
 Weigh'd *Worlds*, and measur'd *Infinite*, no more ?
 Where, rears His *terminating Pillar* high
 Its extra-mundane Head ? and says, to Gods,
 In Characters illustrious as the Sun,
 " I stand, the Plan's proud Period ; I pronounce
 " The Work accomplish'd ; the Creation clos'd ;
 " Shout, all ye Gods ! nor shout, ye Gods alone ;
 " Of all that lives, or, if devoid of Life,
 " That rests, or rolls, ye Heights, and Depths, resound !
 " Resound ! resound ! ye Depths, and Heights, resound ! "

Hard are those Questions ? — Answer, *harder* still.
 Is *This* the Sole Exploit, the Single Birth,

L 77 L

The Solitary Son, of *Power Divine*?
Or, has the Almighty FATHER, with a Breath,
Impregnated the Womb of distant *Space*?
Has *He* not bid, in various Provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark Bowels burst
Of *Night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central Sun, transpiercing all
Those *Giant-Generations*, which disport,
And dance, as *Motes*, in His Meridian Ray;
That Ray withdrawn, Benighted, or Absorb'd,
In that *Abyss of Horror*, whence they sprung
While *Chaos* triumphs, repossess of All
Rival *Creation* ravish'd from His Throne?
CHAOS! of *Nature* both the Womb, and Grave!

THINKS'T thou, my Scheme, LORENZO! spreads too wide?
Is This *extravagant*? --- No; This is *just*;
Just, in *Conjecture*, tho' 'twere false in *Fact*:
If 'tis an Error, 'tis an Error sprung
From noble Root, High Thought of the MOST-HIGH.
But wherefore Error? Who can prove it Such? —
He that can set OMNIPOTENCE a Bound:

Can

Can Man *conceive* beyond what God can do ?
Nothing, but *Quite-Impossible*, is *Hard* ;
He summons into Being, with like Ease,
A Whole *Creation*, and a Single *Grain*.
Speaks He the Word ? a Thousand Worlds are born !—
A Thousand Worlds ? There's Space for Millions more ;
And in what Space can His great *Fiat* fail ?
Condemn me not, cold Critic ! but indulge
The warm *Imagination* : Why condemn ?
Why not indulge Such Thoughts, as swell our Hearts
With fuller Admiration of *That Power*,
Who gives our Hearts with such high Thoughts to swell ?
Why not indulge in *His* augmented Praise ?
Darts not *His* Glory a still brighter Ray,
The less is left to *Chaos*, and the Realms
Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* strays aghast ;
And, tho' most *talkative*, makes no *Report* ?

Still seems my Thought enormous ? Think again ;—
Experience-Self shall aid thy lame Belief :
Glasses, (that *Revelation* to the Sight !)
Have they not led us deep in the *Disclose*.

Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *Small*;
 And, tho' *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?
 If, then, on the Reverse, the Mind would mount
 In *Magnitude*, what Mind can mount too far,
 To keep the Ballance, and Creation *poize*?
Defect alone can err on such a Theme:
 What is too Great, if we the *Cause* survey?
 Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art All!
 My Soul flies up and down in Thoughts of THEE,
 And finds herself but at the Centre still!
 I AM, Thy Name! *Existence*, all *Thine own*!
Creation's Nothing; flatter'd *much*, if styl'd
 "The thin, the fleeting Atmosphere of GOD."

O FOR the Voice -- of What? of Whom? -- What Voice
 Can answer to my Wants, in *such* Ascent,
 As dares to deem One Universe too small?
 Tell me, LORENZO! (for now *Fancy* glows,
 Fir'd in the Vortex of Almighty Power)
 Is not this Home-Creation, in the Map
 Of universal *Nature*, as a Speck,
 Like fair BRITANNIA in our little Ball,

Exceeding

Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its Size,
 But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone?
 In *Fancy* (for the *Fact* beyond us lies)
 Canst thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost
 Too small for Notice, in the *Vast* of Being;
 Sever'd by mighty Seas of *un-built* Space,
 From other *Realms*; from ample *Continents*
 Of higher Life, where nobler Natives dwell;
 Less *Northern*, less remote from DEITY,
 Glowing beneath the *Line* of the SUPREME,
 Where Souls in Excellence make Haste, put forth
 Luxuriant Growths; nor the late Autumn wait
 Of *Human* Worth, but ripen soon to Gods?

YET why drown *Fancy* in such Depths as these?
 Return, presumptuous Rover! and confess
 The Bounds of Man; nor blame them, as too small:
 Enjoy we not full Scope in what is *seen*?
 Full ample the Dominions of the Sun!
 Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
 The matchless Monarch, from his flaming Throne,
 Lavish of Lustre, throws his Beams about him,

Farther,

Farther, and faster, than a Thought can fly,
And feeds his Planets with eternal Fires ?
This *Heliopolis*, by Greater far,
Than the proud Tyrant of the *Nile*, was built ;
And *He* alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond *this City*, why strays human Thought ?
One Wonderful, enough for Man to know !
One Infinite, enough for Man to range !
One Firmament, enough for Man to read !
O what Voluminous Instruction Here ?
What Page of Wisdom is deny'd him ? None ;
If learning his chief Lesson makes him Wise.
Nor is *Instruction*, Here, our only Gain ;
There dwells a noble *Pathos* in the Skies,
Which warms our Passions, proselytes our Hearts :
How eloquently shines the glowing Pole ?
With what Authority it gives its Charge,
Remonstrating great Truths in Style sublime,
Tho' Silent, Loud ! heard Earth around ; above
The Planets heard ; and not unheard in Hell :
Hell has her Wonder, tho' too proud to praise :

M

Is

Is *Earth*, then, more Infernal? Has she Those,
Who neither *praise*, LORENZO! nor *admire*?

LORENZO's *Admiration*, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* One Question; never held
Least Correspondence with a single Star;
Ne'er rear'd an Altar to the *Queen of Heav'n*,
Walking in Brightness; or her Train ador'd:
Their sublunary Rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole Devotion; *Stars* malign,
Which make their fond *Astronomer* run mad;
Darken his *Intellect*, corrupt his *Heart*;
Cause him to sacrifice his *Fame*, and *Peace*;
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted Hand to *LUNA*, or pour'd out
The Blood to *JOVE*! — O THOU, to whom belongs
All Sacrifice! O Thou Great *JOVE* Unfeign'd!
DIVINE INSTRUCTOR! Thy *first* Volume, *This*,
For *Man's* Perusal; All in CAPITALS
In *Moon*, and *Stars*, (Heaven's golden Alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the Sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *understand*: 'Tis Unconfi'd

To

To *Christian* Land, or *Jewry's*; fairly writ
 In Language universal, to MANKIND:
 A Language, Lofty to the Learn'd; yet Plain,
 To Those that feed the Flock, or guide the Plough,
 Or, from its Husk, strike out the bounding Grain!
 A Language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that speaks!
Preface, and *Comment*, to the *Sacred Page*!
 Which oft refers its Reader to the Skies,
 As pre-supposing his First Lesson *there*,
 And Scripture-self a *Fragment*, That unread.
 Stupendous Book of Wisdom, to the Wise!
 Stupendous Book! and open'd, NIGHT! by Thee.

By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night*!
 Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
 Say, gentle *Night*! whose modest, maiden Beams
 Give us a *new* Creation, and present
 The World's great Picture, soften'd to the Sight;
 Nay, Kinder far, far more Indulgent still,
 Say, Thou, whose mild Dominion's Silver Key
 Unlocks our Hemisphere, and sets to View
 Worlds beyond Number; Worlds conceal'd by Day

Behind the proud, and envious, Star of Noon!
 Canst thou not draw a deeper Scene? — And shew
 The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
 These rich *Regalia*, pompously display'd
 To kindle that high Hope? Like Him of *Uz*,
 I gaze around; I search on every Side —
 O for a Glimpse of HIM my Soul adores!
 As the chas'd Hart, amid the desert Waste,
 Pants for the living Stream; for HIM who made her,
 So pants the thirsty Soul, amid the Blank
 Of sublunary Joys: Say, Goddess! Where?
 Where, blazes *His* bright Court? Where, burns *His* Throne?
 Thou know'st; for Thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand Pavilion, sacred Fame reports
 The sable Curtains drawn: If not, can none
 Of thy fair Daughter-Train, so swift of Wing,
 Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?
 A *Star* His Dwelling pointed out *below*:
 Ye *Pleiades*! *Arcturus*! *Mazaroth*!
 And thou, *Orion*! of still keener Eye!
 Say, ye, who guide the Wilder'd in the Waves,
 And bring them out of Tempest into Port!

On which Hand must I bend my Course to find *Him*? --
 These Courtiers keep the Secret of their KING;
 I wake whole Nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I WAKE; and, waking, climb *Night's* radiant Scale,
 From Sphere to Sphere; the Steps by Nature set
 For Man's Ascent; at once to *tempt*, and *aid*;
 To *tempt* his Eye, and *aid* his towering Thought;
 Till it arrives at the *great Goal* of all.

IN ardent *Contemplation's* rapid Car,
 From *Earth*, as from my Barrier, I set out:
 How swift I mount? Diminish'd *Earth* recedes;
 I pass the *Moon*; and, from her further Side,
 Pierce Heaven's blue Curtain; strike into *Remote*,
 Where, with his lifted Tube, the subtil Sage
 His artificial, airy Journey takes,
 And to *Celestial* lengthens *Human* Sight:
 I pause at every *Planet* on my Road,
 And ask for HIM, who gives their Orbs to roll,
 Their Foreheads fair to shine: From SATURN'S Ring,
 In which, of *Earths* an Army might be lost,

With

With the bold *Comet*, take my bolder Flight,
 Amid those *sovereign* Glories of the Skies,
 Of independent, native Lustre, proud,
 The Souls of Systems! and the Lords of Life,
 Thro' their wide Empires! — What behold I *now*?
 A Wilderness of Wonders burning round;
 Where *larger* Suns inhabit *higher* Spheres;
 Perhaps the *Villas* of descending Gods!
 Nor halt I here; my Toil is but begun;
 'Tis but the Threshold of the DEITY;
 Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still:
 Groveling in Elevation few can reach!
 Nor is it strange; I built on a Mistake;
 The Grandeur of His Works, whence *Folly* sought
 For Aid, to *Reason* sets His Glory higher;
 Who built thus high for Worms (mere Worms to *Him*);
 O where, LORENZO! must the BUILDER dwell?

PAUSE, then; and, for a Moment, here respire. —
 If human Thought can keep its Station Here:
 Where am I? — Where is *Earth*? — Nay, where art Thou,
 O *Sun*? — Is the Sun turn'd Recluse? — And are

His boasted Expeditions short to *Mine* ? ---

To *miné*, how short ? On Nature's *Alps* I stand,

And see a Thousand Firmaments beneath !

A Thousand Systems ! as a Thousand Grains ! ----

So *much* a Stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,

How can Man's curious Spirit not inquire,

What are the Natives of this World sublime,

Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial Sphere,

Where Mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd ?

“ O Y E, as distant from my little Home,

“ As swiftest Sun-beams in an Age can fly !

“ Far from my native Element I roam,

“ In Quest of New, and Wonderful, to Man :

“ What Province This, of *His* immense Domain,

“ Whom All obeys ? Or Mortals here, or Gods ?

“ Ye Borderers on the Coasts of Bliss ! What are you ?

“ A Colony from Heaven ? Or, only rais'd,

“ By frequent Visit from Heaven's neighbouring Realms,

“ To secondary Gods, and half-divine ? ---

“ Whate'er your Nature, *This* is past Dispute,

“ Far other Life you live, far other Tongue

“ You

" You talk, far other Thought, perhaps, you think,
 " Than Man: How various are the Works of God?
 " But say, *What* Thought? Is *Reason* here inthron'd,
 " And absolute? Or *Sense* in Arms against her?
 " Have you *Two* Lights? Or need you no *reveal'd*?
 " Enjoy your happy Realms their golden Age?
 " And had Your EDEN an abstemious EVE?
 " Our EVE's fair Daughters prove their Pedigree,
 " And ask their ADAMS --- '*Who would not be Wise?*'
 " Or, if your Mother *fell*, are you *Redeem'd*?
 " And if redeem'd — is your Redeemer scorn'd?
 " Is This your final Residence? If not,
 " Change you your Scene, *Translated*? Or, by *Death*?
 " And if by *Death*; *What* Death? — Know you *Disease*?
 " Or horrid *War*? --- With War, This fatal Hour,
 " EUROPA groans; (so call we a small Field,
 " Where Kings run mad). In *Our* World, DEATH deputed
 " *Intemperance* to do the Work of *Age*;
 " And, hanging up the Quiver *Nature* gave him,
 " As slow of Execution, for Dispatch
 " Sends forth *Imperial* Butchers; bids them slay
 " Their Sheep, (the silly Sheep they fleec'd before)

- " And tofs him twice Ten thousand at a Meal.
 " Sit all *your* Executioners on Thrones?
 " With *you*, can Rage for Plunder make a God?
 " And *Bloodshed* wash out every other Stain? --
 " But You, perhaps, can't bleed : From Matter gross
 " Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad
 " In fine-spun Æther ; Privileg'd to soar,
 " Unloaded, uninfected : How unlike
 " The Lot of Man ? How Few of human Race
 " By their own *Mud* unmurder'd ? How we wage
 " Self-War eternal ? --- Is your painful Day
 " Of hardy Conflict o'er ? Or, are you still
 " Raw Candidates at School ? And have you Those
 " Who disaffect *Reversions*, as with *Us* ? --
 " But what are *We* ? You never heard of *Man*,
 " Or *Earth* ; the *Bedlam* of the Universe !
 " Where *Reason*, un-diseas'd with You, runs mad,
 " And nurses *Folly's* Children as *her own* ;
 " Fond of the Foulest : In the sacred Mount
 " Of *Holiness*, where Reason is pronounc'd
 " *Infallible* ; and *thunders*, like a God ;
 " Even *there*, by *Saints*, the *Dæmons* are outdone ;

- " What *These* thought Wrong, our *Saints* refine to Right ;
 " And kindly teach *dull* Hell her own black Arts ;
 " SATAN, instructed, o'er their *Morals* smiles. ---
 " But *This*, how strange to You, who know not *Man* ?
 " Has the least Rumour of our Race arriv'd ?
 " Call'd here ELIJAH, in his flaming Car ?
 " Past by you the good ENOCH, on his Road
 " To Those fair Fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd ;
 " Who brush'd, perhaps, your Sphere, in his Descent,
 " Stain'd your pure Crystal Æther, or let fall
 " A short Eclipse from his portentous Shade ?
 " O! that the Fiend had lodg'd on some broad Orb
 " Athwart his Way ; nor reach'd his present Home ;
 " Then blacken'd *Earth* with Footsteps foul'd in *Hell*,
 " Nor wash'd in *Ocean*, as from ROME he past
 " TO BRITAIN'S Isle ; *too, too*, conspicuous *There* ! "

BUT This is all Digression : Where is HE,
 That o'er Heaven's Battlements the Felon hurl'd
 To Groans, and Chains, and Darkness ? Where is HE,
 Who sees Creation's Summit in a Vale ?
 HE, Whom, while *Man* is *Man*, he can't but seek ;

And

And if he finds, commences *more* than Man?
 O for a Telescope His Throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye Learn'd on *Earth*! or Blest *Above*!
 Ye searching, ye *Newtonian*, Angels! tell,
 Where, your Great MASTER's Orb? His Planets, where?
 Those *conscious* Satellites, those *Morning-Stars*,
 First-born of DEITY! from Central Love,
 By Veneration most profound, thrown off;
 By sweet Attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
 Past Thought, illustrious; but with borrow'd Beams;
 In still *approaching* Circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the Sun's eternal SIRE?
 Or sent, in Lines direct, on Embassies
 To Nations --- in what Latitude? --- Beyond
 Terrestrial Thought's Horizon! --- And on what
 High Errands sent? --- Here *human* Effort ends;
 And leaves me still a Stranger to *His* Throne.

FULL well it might! I quite mistook my Road,
 Born in an Age more Curious, than Devout;
 More fond to fix the *Place* of Heaven or Hell,

Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* Path,
 That leads me to my Point: LORENZO! know,
 Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their Guide,
 Who worship GOD, shall find *Him*: Humble *Love*,
 And not proud *Reason*, keeps the Door of Heaven;
Love finds Admission, where proud *Science* fails.
 Man's Science is the Culture of his Heart;
 And not to lose his Plummet in the Depths
 Of *Nature*, or the more Profound of GOD:
 Either to know, is an Attempt that sets
 The Wisest on a Level with the Fool;
 To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here*!)
 Past Doubt, is deep Philosophy *Above*;
 Higher Degrees in Bliss Archangels take,
 As deeper learn'd; the Deepest, learning still:
 For, what a *Thunder* of Omnipotence
 (So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in All
 In *Man*! In *Earth*! In more-amazing *Skies*!
 Teaching This Lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn—
 “ Not *deeply* to *Discern*, not *much* to *Know*,
 “ Mankind was born to *WONDER* and *ADORE*.”

AND is there Cause for higher *Wonder* still,
 Than that which struck us from our past Surveys?
 Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too:
 From my late airy Travel unconfin'd,
 Have I learn'd nothing? — Yes, LORENZO! This;
 Each of these Stars is a Religious House;
 I saw their Altars smoke, their Incense rise,
 And heard *Hosannas* ring through every Sphere;
 A Seminary, fraught with future Gods:
Nature all o'er is consecrated Ground,
 Teeming with Growths Immortal, and Divine;
 The Great PROPRIETOR's all-bounteous Hand
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery Fields
 With Seeds of *Reason*, which to *Virtues* rise,
 Beneath *His* genial Ray; and, if escap'd
 The pestilential Blasts of stubborn *Will*,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the Skies.
 And is *Devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,
 When Beings, so Superior, Homage boast,
 And triumph in Prostrations to THE THRONE?

BUT

BUT wherefore more of Planets, or of Stars?
 Æthereal Journies? and, discover'd there,
 Ten thousand Worlds, Ten thousand Ways devout?
 All *Nature* sending Incense to THE THRONE,
 Except the bold LORENZO'S of Our Sphere?
 Opening the solemn Sources of my Soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,
 My flowing Numbers o'er the flaming Skies,
 Nor see, of *Fancy*, or of *Fact*, what more
 Invites the Muse ---- Here turn we, and review
 Our past Nocturnal Landfchape wide: ---- Then, say,
 Say, then, LORENZO! with what Burst of Heart,
 The Whole, at once, revolving in his Thought,
 Must Man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
 " O what a Root! O what a Branch is Here?
 " O what a Father! What a Family!
 " Worlds! Systems! and Creations! --- And Creations,
 " In One agglomerated Cluster, hung,
 " * Great VINE! on THEE: On THEE the Cluster hangs;
 " The filial Cluster! infinitely spread

* *John* xv. 1.

- " In glowing Globes, with various Being fraught;
 " And drinks (Nectareous Draught!) Immortal Life.
 " Or, shall I say (for *Who* can say enough?
 " A Constellation of Ten thousand Gems,
 " (And, O! of what Dimension! of what Weight!)
 " Set in One *Signet*, flames on the Right-Hand
 " Of MAJESTY DIVINE! The *blazing Seal*,
 " That deeply stamps, on all created *Mind*,
 " Indelible, *His* sovereign Attributes,
 " OMNIPOTENCE, and LOVE: *That*, passing Bound;
 " And *This*, surpassing *That*. Nor stop we *Here*,
 " For Want of *Power* in GOD, but *Thought* in MAN.
 " Even *This* acknowleg'd, leaves us still in Debt;
 " If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is THINE,
 " DREAD SIRE! --- Accept this *Miniature* of THEE;
 " And pardon an *Attempt* from Mortal Thought,
 " In which Archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How such Ideas of the ALMIGHTY's *Power*,
 And such Ideas of the ALMIGHTY's *Plan*,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the Thought

Of feeble Mortals? Nor of *Them* alone!
 The Fullness of the DEITY breaks forth
 In *Inconceivables* to Men, and Gods:
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the Thought;
 How low must *Man* descend, when *Gods* adore? —
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud Boast?
 Did I not tell thee, “ * We would mount, LORENZO!
 “ And kindle our Devotion at the *Stars* ?”

AND have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
 And art All Adamant? And dost confute
 All urg'd, with One irrefragable *Smile*?
 LORENZO! *Mirth* how miserable *Here*?
 Swear by the *Stars*, by HIM who made them, swear,
 Thy Heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*:
 Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine*; like *Them*, shalt *rise*
 From Low to Lofty; from Obscure to Bright;
 By due Gradation; *Nature's* sacred Law.
 The *Stars*, from whence? — Ask *Chaos* — *He* can tell.
 These bright Temptations to Idolatry,
 From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their Birth;

Sons of *Deformity* ! From fluid Dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to Masses rude ;
 And then, to Spheres opaque ; Then dimly shone ;
 Then brighten'd ; Then blaz'd out in *perfect Day*.
Nature delights in Progress ; in Advance
 From Worse to Better : But, when *Minds* ascend,
 Progress, in Part, depends upon *Themselves*.
 Heaven aids Exertion ; Greater makes the Great ;
 The *voluntary* Little lessens more :
 O be a *Man* ! and thou shalt be a *God* !
 And *Half Self-made* ! Ambition how Divine !

O THOU, ambitious of Disgrace alone !
 Still Undevout ? Unkindled ?—Tho', high-taught,
 School'd by the Skies ; and Pupil of the Stars.
 Rank Coward to the *Fashionable World* !
 Art Thou *asham'd* to bend thy Knee to Heaven ?
 Curst Fume of Pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell !
 Pride in *Religion* is Man's highest Praise.
 Bent on Destruction ! and in Love with Death !
 Not All these Luminaries, quench'd at once,
 Were Half so sad, as One benighted Mind,

Which gropes for Happiness, and meets *Despair*.
 How, like a Widow in her Weeds, the *Night*,
 Amid her glimmering Tapers, silent sits?
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
 Perpetual Dews, and saddens Nature's Scene?
 A Scene more sad Sin makes the darken'd Soul;
 All Comfort kills, nor leaves one Spark alive.

Tho' blind of Heart, still open is thine Eye;
 Why such Magnificence in All thou seest?
 Of *Matter's* Grandeur, know, One End is This,
 To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it —

" Tho' *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*,
 " Whose Breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
 " Unburthen'd, Nature's Universal Scheme;
 " Can grasp *Creation* with a single Thought;
 " *Creation* grasp; and not exclude its SIRE" —
 To tell him farther --- " It behoves him much
 " To guard the important, yet-depending, Fate
 " Of Being, brighter than a Thousand Suns;
 " One single Ray of *Thought* outshines them all." —

And if Man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior Heights, and on his purple Wing,
 His purple Wing, bedrop'd with Eyes of Gold,
 Rising, where *Thought* is now deny'd to rise,
 Look down *triumphant* on these dazzling Spheres.

WHY then persist?—No Mortal ever liv'd,
 But, dying, he pronounc'd (when Words are true),
 The Whole that charms thee, absolutely Vain;
 Vain, and far worse!—Think Thou, with dying Men;
 O condescend to think as Angels think!
 O tolerate a Chance for Happiness!
 Our Nature such, Ill Choice ensures Ill Fate;
 And Hell had been, tho' there had been no God.
 Dost Thou not know, my new Astronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings Night to Man?
Man, turning from his God, brings *endless* Night;
 Where Thou canst read no *Morals*, find no *Friend*,
 Amend no *Manners*, and expect no *Peace*.
 How *deep* the Darknes? and the Groan, how *loud*?
 And far, how far, from *lambent* are the Flames?
 Such is LORENZO'S Purchase! Such his Praise!

The Proud, the Politic, LORENZO's Praise;
 Tho', in his Ear, and level'd at his Heart,
 I've half read o'er the Volume of the Skies.

FOR think not Thou hast heard all This from *me*;
 My Song but echoes what Great *Nature* speaks;
 What has she spoken? Thus the Goddess spoke,
 Thus speaks for ever:— "Place, at Nature's Head,
 " A Sovereign, which o'er all Things rolls His Eye,
 " Extends His Wing, promulgates His Commands,
 " But, above all, diffuses endless Good;
 " *To Whom*, for sure Redress, the Wrong'd may fly;
 " The Vile, for Mercy; and the Pain'd, for Peace;
 " *By Whom*, the various Tenants of these Spheres,
 " Diversify'd in Fortunes, Place, and Pow'rs,
 " Rais'd in Enjoyment, as in Worth they rise,
 " Arrive at length (if worthy such Approach)
 " At that blest Fountain-Head, from which they stream;
 " Where Conflict past redoubles present Joy;
 " And present Joy looks forward on Increase;
 " And That, on more; no Period! every Step
 " A double Boon! a *Promise*, and a *Bliss*."

How

How easy fits *this* Scheme on Human Hearts?
 It suits their Make; it sooths their vast Desires;
Passion is pleas'd; and *Reason* asks no more;
 'Tis Rational! 'Tis Great!—But what is *Thine*?
 It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!
 Leaves us quite naked, both of Help, and Hope,
 Sinking from Bad to Worse; few Years, the Sport
 Of *Fortune*; then, the Morfel of *Despair*.

SAY, then, LORENZO! (for Thou know'st it well)
 What's *Vice*?—Mere Want of Compass in our Thought.
Religion, what?—The Proof of *Common-Sense*;
 How art thou hooted, where the *Least* prevails?
 Is it my Fault, if *these Truths* call thee *Fool*?
 And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
 Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, stand thy Friend?
 And art Thou *still* an Insect in the Mire?
 How, like thy Guardian Angel, have I flown,
 Snatch'd thee from Earth; escorted thee thro' all
 Th' *Ethereal Armies*; walkt thee, like a God,
 Thro' Splendors of first Magnitude, arrang'd
 On either Hand; Clouds thrown beneath thy Feet;

Close-

Close-cruis'd on the bright **Paradise of God**;
 And almost introduc'd thee to **THE THRONE**;
 And art Thou still carousing, for **Delight**,
 Rank **Poison**; first, fermenting to mere **Froth**;
 And then subsiding into final **Gall**?
 To Beings of sublime, immortal Make,
 How shocking is **All Joy**, whose **End** is sure?
 Such Joy *more* shocking still, the more it *charms*;
 And dost Thou chuse what ends, ere well-begun?
 And Infamous, as **Short**? And dost Thou chuse
 (*Thou*, to whose **Palate Glory** is so sweet)
 To wade into **Perdition**, thro' **Contempt**?
 Nor of poor Bigots only, but thy *own*;
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd Heart,
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful Brow;
 For by strong **Guilt's** most violent **Assault**,
 Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.

O **THOU** most Awful Being! and most **Vain**!
 Thy Will, how *frail*? how *glorious* is thy **Power**?
 Tho' dread **ETERNITY** has sown her Seeds
 Of **Bliss**, and **Woe**, in thy despotic Breast;

Tho'

Tho' Heaven, and Hell, depend upon thy Thought,
 A Butterfly comes 'cross, and Both are fled.
 Is This the Picture of a Rational?
 This Horrid Image, shall it be most Just?
 LORENZO! No: It cannot,--*shall* not be,
 If there is Force in *Reason*; or, in *Sounds*
 Chaunted beneath the Glimpses of the Moon,
 A Magic, at this planetary Hour;
 When *Slumber* locks the general Lip, and Dreams
 Thro' senseless Mazes hunt Souls *un-inspir'd*.
 Attend — The sacred Mysteries begin —
 My solemn *Night-born* Adjuration hear;
 Hear, and I'll raise thy Spirit from the Dust;
 While the *Stars* gaze on this Enchantment *new*;
 Enchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!

- " By *Silence*, DEATH's peculiar Attribute;
 " By *Darkness*, GUILT's inevitable Doom:
 " By *Darkness*, and by *Silence*, Sisters dread!
 " That draw the Curtain round NIGHT's ebon Throne,
 " And raise Ideas, solemn as the Scene:

" By NIGHT, and all of Awful, Night presents
 " To *Thought*, or *Sense* (of Awful much, to Both,
 " The Goddess brings) : By These her trembling *Fires*,
 " Like VESTA's, ever burning; and, like *hers*,
 " Sacred to Thoughts immaculate, and pure :
 " By these bright Orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
 " And press thee to revere, the DEITY,
 " Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
 " To reach *His* Throne ; as Stages of the Soul,
 " Thro' which, at different Periods, she shall pass,
 " Refining gradual, for her final Height ;
 " And purging off some Dross at every Sphere :
 " By this dark Pall thrown o'er the silent World :
 " By the World's Kings, and Kingdoms, most renown'd,
 " From short Ambition's *Zenith* set for ever ;
 " Sad Presage to vain Boasters, now, in Bloom !
 " By the long List of swift Mortality,
 " From *Adam*, downward to this Evening's Knell,
 " Which Midnight waves in *Fancy*'s startled Eye ;
 " And hocks her with a hundred Centuries
 " Round *Death*'s black Banner throng'd, in human Thought :
 " By Thousands, *now*, resigning their last Breath,

" And

" And calling Thee---wert Thou so wise to hear :
 " By Tombs o'er Tombs arising, human Earth
 " Ejected, to make room for---human Earth ;
 " The Monarch's *Terror* ! and the Sexton's *Trade* !
 " By pompous Obsequies, that shun the Day,
 " The *Torch* funereal, and the nodding *Plume*,
 " Which makes poor Man's Humiliation proud ;
 " Boast of our *Ruin* ! Triumph of our *Dust* !
 " By the damp Vault that weeps o'er Royal Bones ;
 " And the pale Lamp, that shews the ghastly Dead,
 " More ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent Gloom :
 " By Visits (if there are) from darker Scenes,
 " The gliding Spectre ! and the groaning Grove !
 " By Groans, and Graves, and Miseries that groan
 " For the Grave's Shelter : By desponding Men,
 " Senseless to Pains of Death, from Pangs of Guilt :
 " By Guilt's last Audit : By yon *Moon* in Blood,
 " The rocking Firmament, the falling Stars,
 " And Thunder's last Discharge, great Nature's Knell !
 " By *SECOND Chaos* ; and *ETERNAL Night* !---
 Be Wife---nor let *Philander* blame my *Charm* ;

But own not ill-discharg'd my double Debt,
Love to the Living ; *Duty* to the Dead.

For know, I'm but Executor ; *He* left
 This moral Legacy ; *I* make it o'er
 By *his* Command ; *Philander* hear in me ;
 And Heaven in both. — If deaf to These, Oh ! hear
Florello's tender Voice ; *His* Weal depends
 On *Thy* Resolve ; it trembles at *Thy* Choice :
 For *His* Sake — love *Thyself* : Example strikes
 All human Hearts ; a *bad* Example, more ;
 More still, a Father's ; That ensures his Ruin.
 As Parent of his Being, wouldst thou prove
 Th' unnatural Parent of his Miseries,
 And make him curse the Being which thou gav'st ?
 Is *this* the Blessing of so fond a Father ?
 If careless of *LORENZO* spare, Oh ! spare,
Florello's Father, and *Philander's* Friend ;
Florello's Father ruin'd, ruins Him ;
 And, from *Philander's* Friend the World expects,
 A Conduct, no Dishonour to the Dead :
 Let *Passion* do, what nobler *Motive* should ;

Let *Love*, and *Emulation*, rise in Aid ;
To *Reason* ; and persuade thee to be — Blest.

THIS seems not a Request to be deny'd ;
Yet, such th' Infatuation of Mankind !
'Tis the most *Hopeless*, Man can make to Man.
Shall I, then, rise in Argument, and Warmth ;
And urge *Philander's* posthumous Advice,
From Topics yet unbroach'd ? —
But Oh ! — I faint ! — My Spirits fail ! — Nor strange ;
So long on Wing, and in no middle *Clime* ;
To which my Great CREATOR'S Glory call'd ;
And calls — but, now, in vain : *Sleep's* dewy Wand
Has strok'd my drooping Lids ; and *promises*
(If my fond Wishes are not Flatterers)
My long Arrear of Rest : The *downy God*,
Wont to return with our returning *Peace*,
Will *pay*, ere-long ; and bless me with Repose.
Haste, haste, sweet Stranger ! from the Peasant's Cot ;
The Ship-boy's Hammock, on the Soldier's Straw,
Whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee : With thee bring
Not hideous Visions, as of late ; but Draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, Rest ;

Man's rich Restorative ; his balmy Bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in Play,
 The various Movements of this nice Machine,
 Which asks such frequent Periods of Repair.
 When tir'd with vain Rotations of the Day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding Dawn ;
 Fresh we spin on, till *Sickness* clogs our Wheels,
 Or *Death* quite breaks the Spring, and Motion ends.
 When will it end with Me ?

—“ **THOU** only know'st,
 “ **THOU**, whose broad Eye the *Future* and the *Past*
 “ Joins to the *Present* ; making One of *Three*
 “ To mortal Thought ! **THOU** know'st, and **THOU** alone,
 “ All-knowing !—All-unknown !—and yet Well-known !
 “ Near, tho' Remote ! and, tho' Unfathom'd, Felt !
 “ And, tho' Invisible, for-ever Seen !
 “ And Seen in All ! The *Great*, and the *Minute*,
 “ Each Globe above, with its Gigantic Race,
 “ Each Flower, each Leaf, with its small People swarm'd,
 “ Those puny Vouchers for OMNIPOTENCE,
 “ To the First Thought, that asks, “ *From whence ?* ” declare
 “ Their

" Their common Source. THOU Fountain running o'er

" In Rivers of communicated Joy!

" Who gav'st us Speech for far, far humbler Themes!

" Say, by what Name shall I presume to call

" HIM I see burning in these countless Suns,

" As *Moses*, in the *Bush*? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!

" The whole Creation, Less, far Less, to Thee,

" Than *That* to the Creation's ample Orb:

" How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring Soul

" Heaves underneath the Thought, too big for Birth?

" GREAT System of Perfections! Mighty Cause

" Of Causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! Sole Root

" Of *Nature*, that luxuriant Growth of GOD.

" First Father of *Effects*! that Progeny

" Of endless Series; where the Golden Chain's

" Last Link admits a Period, Who can tell?

" Father of All that is or heard, or hears!

" Father of All that is or seen, or sees!

" Father of All that *is*, or *shall* arise!

" Father of this immeasurable Mass

" Of *Matter* multiiform; or dense, or rare;

" Opaque,

" Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at Rest ;
 " Minute, or passing Bound ! In each Extreme
 " Of like Amaze, and Mystery, to Man.
 " Father of these bright Millions of the *Night* !
 " Of which the Least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 " And thrown the Gazer on his Knee—Or, say,
 " Is Appellation higher still, Thy Choice ?
 " Father of *Matter*'s Temporary Lords !
 " Father of *Spirits* ! Nobler Offspring ! Sparks
 " Of high Paternal Glory ; rich-endow'd
 " With various Measures, and with various Modes
 " Of *Instinct*, *Reason*, *Intuition* ; Beams
 " More pale, or bright from *Day Divine*, to break
 " The Dark of *Matter organic*'d (the Ware
 " Of all *created Spirit*) ; Beams, that rise
 " Each over other in superior Light,
 " Till the Last ripens into Lustre strong
 " (In the Throne's full Effulgence colour'd-high),
 " Of next Approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
 " (Far fonder than e'er bore that Name on Earth),
 " Of Intellectual Beings ! Beings blest
 " With Powers to please THEE ; not of passive Fly

" To

- " To Laws they know not; Beings lodg'd in Seats.
 " Of well-adapted Joys; in different Domes
 " Of this Imperial Palace for thy Sons;
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 " Tho' boundless, Habitation, plan'd by THEE!
 " Whose several Clans their several Climates suit;
 " And Transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 " Or, Oh! indulge, Immortal KING! indulge
 " A Title, less august indeed, but more
 " Endearing; ah! how sweet in human Ears?
 " Sweet in our Ears! and Triumph in our Hearts!
 " Father of IMMORTALITY to Man!
 " A Theme that * lately set my Soul on Fire.—
 " And THOU the NEXT! yet Equal! THOU, by whom
 " *That* Blessing was convey'd; far more! was Bought;
 " Ineffable the Price! BY whom all Worlds
 " Were made; and One, redeem'd! Illustrious Light
 " From Light Illustrious! THOU, whose *Regal* Power,
 " Finite in *Time*, but Infinite in *Space*,
 " On more than adamantin Basis fix'd,
 " O'er more, far more, than Diadems, and Thrones,

* Night the Sixth, and Seventh.

" Invio-

" Inviolably reigns ; the *Dread* of Gods !
 " And Oh ! the *Friend* of Man : Beneath whose Foot,
 " And by the Mandate of whose awful Nod,
 " All Regions, Revolutions, Fortunes, Fates,
 " Of High, of Low, of Mind, and Matter, roll
 " Thro' the short Channels of expiring *Time*,
 " Or shoreless Ocean of Eternity,
 " Calm, or Tempestuous (as *Thy* Spirit breathes)
 " In absolute Subjection !—And, O THOU
 " The glorious THIRD ! Distinct, not Separate !
 " Beaming from *Both* ! with Both Incorporate !
 " And (strange to tell !) incorporate with Dust !
 " By Condescension, as Thy Glory, great ;
 " Enshrin'd in Man ! Of human Hearts, if pure,
 " Divine Inhabitant ! The Tie Divine
 " Of Heaven with distant Earth ! By whom, I trust,
 " (If not inspir'd) uncensured this Address
 " To THEE ; to THEM—To Whom ?—Mysterious Power !
 " Reveal'd,—yet Unreveal'd ! Darkness in Light !
 " Number in Unity ! our Joy ! our Dread !
 " The *Triple* Bolt that lays all Wrong in Ruin !
 " That animates all Right, the *Triple* Sun !

" Tri-

" Tri-une, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
 " Abscending, yet Demonstrable, GREAT GOD!
 " Greater than GREATEST! Better than the Best!
 " Kinder than Kindest! with soft *Pity's* Eye,
 " Or, stronger still to speak it, with *Thine Own*,
 " From Thy bright Home, from That high Firmament,
 " Where THOU, from all Eternity, hast dwelt;
 " Beyond Archangels *unassisted* Ken;
 " From far above what Mortals Highest call;
 " From Elevation's Pinacle; Look down,
 " Through—What? Confounding Interval! Thro' All,
 " And more, than lab'ring *Fancy* can conceive;
 " Thro' radiant Ranks of *Essences* unknown;
 " Thro' Hierarchies from Hierarchies detach'd,
 " Round various Banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
 " With endless Change of rapturous Duties fir'd;
 " Thro' wondrous Beings interposing Swarms;
 " All clustering at the Call, to dwell in THEE;
 " Thro' this wide Waste of Worlds; this *Vista* vast
 " All fanded o'er with Suns; Suns turn'd to *Night*
 " Before *Thy* feeblest Beam,—Look down—down—down,
 " On a poor *breathing Particle* in Dust,

" Or, lower,---an *Immortal* in his Crimes :
 " His Crimes forgive ! Forgive his Virtues, too !
 " Those Smaller Faults ; Half-Converts to the Right :
 " Nor let me close These Eyes, which never more
 " May see the Sun (tho' Night's descending Scale
 " Now weighs up Morn), Unpity'd, and Unblest !
 " In *Thy* Displeasure dwells *eternal* Pain ;
 " Pain, our Aversion ; Pain, which strikes me *now* ;
 " And, since all Pain is terrible to Man,
 " Tho' transient, Terrible ; at *Thy* good Hour,
 " Gently, ah gently, lay me in my Bed,
 " My *Clay-cold Bed* ! by Nature, now, so near ;
 " By Nature, near ; still nearer by Disease !
 " Till Then, be *This*, an Emblem of my Grave :
 " Let it out-preach the Preacher ; Every Night
 " Let it out-cry the Boy at *Philip's* Ear ;
 " That Tongue of Death ! That Herald of the Tomb !
 " And when (the Shelter of Thy Wing implor'd)
 " My *Senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft Repose ;
 " O sink *this* Truth still deeper in my Soul,
 " Suggested by my Pillow, sign'd by *Fate*,

"First,

" First, in *Fate's* Volume, at the Page of *Man*—
 " *Man's* sickly Soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
 " From Side to Side, can rest on nought but **THEE**;
 " Here, in full Trust; Hereafter, in full Joy.
 " On **THEE**, the promis'd, sure, eternal Down
 " Of Spirits, toil'd in Travel thro' this Vale:
 " Nor of *that* Pillow shall my Soul despond;
 " For—Love Almighty! Love Almighty! (Sing,
 " Exult, Creation!) Love Almighty, reigns!
 " That Death of *Death*! That Cordial of *Despair*!
 " And loud **ETERNITY's** triumphant Song!
 " OF Whom, no more:—For, O Thou **PATRON-GOD**!
 " Thou *God*, and *Mortal*! Thence *more* **GOD** to Man!
 " Man's Theme eternal! Man's eternal Theme!
 " THOU canst not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *Praise*.
 " Uninjur'd from our Praise can **HE** escape,
 " Who, disembosom'd from the **FATHER**, bows
 " The Heaven of Heavens, to kiss the distant Earth!
 " Breathes out in Agonies a sinless Soul!
 " Against the *Cross*, *Death's* Iron Sceptre breaks!
 " From famish'd *Ruin* plucks her human Prey!

" Throws wide the Gates Celestial to His Foes !
 " Their *Gratitude*, for such a boundless Debt,
 " Deputes their *Suffering Brothers* to receive !
 " And, if deep Human Guilt in Payment fails,
 " As deeper Guilt, prohibits our *Despair* !
 " Injoins it, as our Duty, to *Rejoice* !
 " And (to close All), omnipotently kind,
 " * *Takes His Delights among the Sons of Men.*"

WHAT Words are These?—And did they come from Heav'n?
 And were they spoke to Man? To guilty Man?
 What are all Mysteries to Love like This?

The Song of Angels, all the Melodies
 Of Choral Gods, are wafted in the Sound;
 Heal, and exhilarate, the broken Heart,
 Tho' plung'd, before, in Horrors dark as *Night*;
 Rich Prelibation of *consummate* Joy!
 Nor wait we Dissolution to be blest.

THIS final Effort of the moral Muse,
 How justly *Titled*? Nor for me alone;

* *Prov. Chap. viii.* For

For all that read : What Spirit of Support,
What Heights of CONSOLATION crown my Song?

THEN, farewell NIGHT! Of Darkneſs, now, no more;
Joy breaks, ſhines, triumphs; 'tis eternal Day.
Shall that which riſes out of *Nought* complain
Of a few Evils, pay'd with endleſs Joys?
My Soul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt Union join
The Two Supports of Human Happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *Taſte of Life*, and conſtant *Thought of Death*:
The *Thought* of Death, ſole Victor of its *Dread*!
Hope be thy Joy; and *Probity* thy Skill;
Thy *Patron*, HE, whoſe Diadem has drop'd
Yon Gems of Heaven; *Eternity*, thy Prize.
And leave the Racers of the *World* their Own,
Their Feather, and their Froth, for endleſs Toils;
They part with All for That *which is not Bread*:
They mortify, they ſtarve, on Wealth, Fame, Power;
And laugh to Scorn the *Fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a Spirit, late eſcap'd from Earth,
Suppoſe *Philander's*, *Lucia's*, or *Narciſſa's*,

The *Truth of Things* new-blazing in its Eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the Ways of Men,
 Whose Lives whole Drift is to forget their Graves?
 And when Our *present Privilege* is past,
 To scourge us with due Sense of its *Abuse*,
 The *same* Astonishment will seize us All.
 What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now* :
 LORENZO ! 'tis not yet too late : LORENZO !
 Seize Wisdom, ere 'tis Torment to be Wise ;
 That is, Seize *Wisdom*, ere she seizes *Thee*.
 For, what, my small Philosopher ! is *Hell* ?
 'Tis nothing, but full Knowledge of *the Truth*,
 When *Truth*, resisted long, is sworn our Foe ;
 And calls ETERNITY to do her Right.

THUS, *Darkness* aiding Intellectual Light,
 And Sacred *Silence* whispering Truths Divine,
 And *Truths Divine* converting Pain to Peace,
 My Song the Midnight Raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded Scenes,
 Beyond the flaming Limits of the World,
 Her gloomy Flight. But what avails the Flight

Of *Fancy*, when our *Hearts* remain below ?

Virtue abounds in Flatterers, and Foes ;

'Tis *Pride*, to praise her ; Penance to perform :

To more than Words, to more than Worth of Tongue,

LORENZO ! rise, at this auspicious Hour ;

An Hour, when Heaven's most intimate with Man ;

When, like a falling Star, the Ray Divine

Glides swift into the Bosom of the Just ;

And Just are All, *determin'd* to reclaim ;

Which sets that Title high, within thy Reach.

Awake, then : Thy PHILANDER calls : Awake !

Thou, who shalt wake, when the Creation sleeps ;

When, like a Taper, all these Suns expire ;

When TIME, like Him of *Gaza* in his Wrath,

Plucking the Pillars that support the World,

In NATURE's ample Ruins lies entomb'd ;

And MIDNIGHT, *Universal* Midnight ! reigns.



HOLLES! *Immortal in far more than Fame!*

Be Thou Illustrious in far more than Power.

Great Things are small, when Greater rise to View.

Tho' station'd high, and press'd with public Cares,

Disdain not to peruse my serious Song;

Which, peradventure, may push by the World;

Of a few Moments rob Britannia's Weal;

And leave Europa's Councils less mature:

For Thou art Noble, and the Theme is Great.

NOR shall, or Europe, or Britannia, blame

Thine absent Ear, but gain by the Delay.

Long-vers'd in Senates, and in Cabinets,

State's intricate Demands, and high Debates!

As Thou of Use to Those, so This to Thee.

And in a Point, that Empire far outweighs,

That far outweighs all Europe's Thrones in One.

Let Greatness prove its Title to be Great.

'Tis Power's supreme Prerogative, to stamp

On others Minds, an Image of its own.

Run

121

*Bend the strong Influence of High-Place, to stem
The Stream, that sweeps away thy Country's Weal;
The Stygian Stream, the Torrent, of our Guilt.
Far, as Thou mayst, give Life to Virtue's Cause;
Let not the Ties of Personal Regard
Betray the Nation's Trusts to feeble Hands.
Let not fomented Flames of private Pique
Prey on the Vitals of the Publick Good.
Let not our Streets with Blasphemies resound;
Nor Lewdness whisper, where the Laws can reach.
Let not best Laws, the Wisdom of our Sires,
Turn Satires on their sunk, degenerate Sons,
The Bastards of their Blood! and serve no Point,
But, with more Emphasis, to call them Fools.
Let not our rank Enormities unhinge
Britannia's Welfare from DIVINE Support.*

*SUCH Deeds the Minister, the Prince, adorn:
No Power is shewn, but in such Deeds as These;
All, All, is Impotence, but acting Right;
And where's the Statesman, but would shew his Power?
To Prince, and People, Thou, of equal Zeal!*

Be it, henceforward, but thy Second Care
To grace thy Country, and support the Throne ;
Tho' This supported, That adorn'd, so well.
A Throne Superior our first Homage claims ;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first Tribute, due.
A Tribute, which, unpay'd, makes Specious Wrong,
And Splendid Sacrilege, of All beside ;
Illustrious follows ; we must, first, be Just ;
And what so Just, as Awe for the SUPREME ?
Less fear we ragged Ruffians of the North,
Than Virtue's well-clad Rebels, nearer Home ;
Less, Loyola's disguis'd, all-apeing Sons,
Than Traitors lurking in our Appetites ;
Less, all the Legions Seine, and Tagus, send,
Than unrein'd Passions rushing on our Peace :
Yon savage Mountaineers are tame, to These.
Against These Rioters, send forth the Laws,
And break to Reason's Yoke their wild Careers.

PRUDENCE, for all Things, points the proper Hour,
Tho' Some seem more Importunate, and Great.
Tho' Britain's generous Views, and Interests, spread

Beyond

*Beyond the narrow Circle of her Shores,
 And their Grand Entries make on distant Lands;
 Tho' BRITAIN'S Genius the wide Waves bestrides,
 And, like a vast Colossus, tow'ring stands
 With one Foot planted on the Continent;
 Yet be not wholly wrap'd in Publick Cares.
 Tho' such High Cares should call, as call'd of late,
 The Cause of Kings, and Emperors, adjourn;
 And EUROPE'S little Balance drop awhile;
 For Greater, drop it: Ponder, and adjust,
 The rival Interests, and contending Claims,
 Of Life, and Death; of Now, and of For-ever:
 Sublimest Theme! and Needful, as Sublime.
 Thus great ELIZA'S Oracles renown'd,
 Thus WALSINGHAM, and RALEIGH (BRITAIN'S Boasts!),
 Thus every Statesman, thought, that ever—Dy'd:
 There's Inspiration in a fable Hour;
 And Death's Approach makes Politicians Wise.*

*W H E N, Thunderstruck, that Eagle, Woolsey fell;
 When Royal Favour, as an ebbing Sea,
 Like a Leviathan, his Grandeur left,*

His gasping Grandeur ! *naked on the Strand ;*
Naked of Human, doubtful of Divine,
Assistance ; no more wallowing in his Wealth ;
Spouting proud Foams of Insolence no more ;
 ON *What, Then, smote his Heart, un-Cardinal'd,*
And sunk beneath the Level of a Man ;
 ON *the Grand Article, the Sum of Things !*
The Point of the First Magnitude ! That Point,
Tubes, mounted in a Court, but rarely reach,
Some painted Cloud still intercepts their Sight ;
First, right to judge ; then chuse ; then persevere,
Stedfast, as if a Crown, or Mistress, call'd ;
These, These, are Politics will stand the Test,
When finer Politics their Masters sting ;
And Statesmen fain would shrink to common Men.
These, These, are Politics will answer, now,
(When common Men would fain to Statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's, or Tencin's, Scheme.
All Safety rests on honest Counsels ; These
Immortalize the Statesman, bless the State,
Make the Prince triumph, and the People smile ;
In Peace, rever'd ; or terrible, in Arms,

Close-

Close-leagu'd with an Invincible Ally ;
Which honest Counsels never fail to fix
In Favour of an Unabandon'd Land ;
A Land---that starts at such a Land as This.
A Parliament, so principled, will sink
All antient Schools of Empire in Disgrace ;
And Britain's Glory, rising from the Dead,
Will fill the World, loud FAME's superior Song.

BRITAIN ?--- *That Word pronounc'd, is an Alarm :*
It warms the Blood, tho' frozen in our Veins ;
Awakes the Soul, and sends her to the Field,
Enamour'd of the glorious Face of Death.
 Britain ?--- *There's noble Magic in the Sound.*
O what illustrious Images arise ?
Embattled, round me, blaze the Poms of War.
By Sea, by Land, at Home, in Foreign Climes,
What full-blown Laurels, on our Fathers Brows ?
Ye radiant Trophies ! and Imperial Spoils !
Ye Scenes !--- Astonishing to modern Sight !
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a Dream ;

Why vanish? Stay, ye Godlike Strangers! Stay.
Strangers!---I wrong my Countrymen. They wake;
High beats the Pulse; the noble Pulse of War
Beats to that antient Measure, that Grand March,
Which, then, prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd;
And every Battle pay'd for Heroes slain.
No more our great Forefathers stain our Cheeks
With Blushes; Their Renown, our Shame, no more.
In military Garb, and sudden Arms,
Up starts OLD Britain; Crossiers are laid by;
Trade wields the Sword; and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd Furrow: Other Harvests fire
A nobler Avarice; Avarice of Renown!
And Laurels are the Growth of every Field.
In distant Courts is our Commotion felt;
And, less like Gods, sit Monarchs on their Thrones.
What Arm can want, or Sinews, or Success,
Which, lifted from an honest Heart, descends,
With all the Weight of British Wrath, to cleave
The Papal Mitre, or the Gallic Chain,
At every Stroke; and save a sinking Land?

[17]

*O R Death, or Victory, must be resolv'd ;
To dream of Mercy, O how Tame ! how Mad !
Where, o'er black Deeds, the Crucifix display'd,
Fools think Heaven purchas'd by the Blood they shed ;
By giving, not supporting, Pains and Death ?
Nor simple Death ! Where They, the greatest Saints,
Who most subdue all Tendernefs of Heart ;
Students in Torture ! Where, in Zeal to Him,
Whose darling Title is The Prince of Peace,
The Best turn ruthless Butchers, for our Sakes ;
To save us in a World, they Recommend,
And yet Forbear ; Themselves with Earth content ;
What Modesty ?—Such Virtues Rome adorn !
And chiefly Those, who Rome's first Honours wear,
Whose Name, from Jesus ; and whose Arts, from Hell.
And shall a Pope-bred Princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with Venom, Guiltless of a Sting,
And whistle Cut-throats, with those Swords, that scrap'd
Their barren Rocks, for wretched Sustenance,
To cut his Passage to the British Throne ?
One, that has suck'd in Malice with his Milk,*

Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?

Less savage was his Brother-Robber's Nurse,

The howling Nurse of plundering Romulus

Ere yet, far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.

HAIL to the Brave. Be Britain, BRITAIN still.

Britain! High-favour'd of indulgent Heaven!

Nature's Anointed Empress of the Deep!

The Nurse of Merchants, who can purchase Crowns!

Supreme in Commerce! that exuberant Source

Of Wealth, the Nerve of War; of Wealth, the Blood,

The circling Current in a Nation's Veins,

To set high Bloom on the fair Face of Peace!

This, once, so celebrated Seat of Power,

From which escap'd, the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!

Of Gallic Lilies, this eternal Blast!

This Terror of Armadas! This true Bolt

Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain,

Salmonean Thunders from the Papal Chair!

This small Isle, wide-realm'd Monarchs eye with Awe!

Which says, to their Ambition's foaming Waves,

"Thus far, nor farther"—Let her hold in Life

*Nought dear, disjoin'd from Freedom, and Renown ;
 Renown, our Ancestors great Legacy,
 To be transmitted to their latest Sons.
 By ^{Thoughts} ~~Deeds~~ inglorious, and Un-British Deeds,
 Their cancell'd Will is, impiously, propban'd ;
 Inhumanly, disturb'd their sacred Dust.*

*THEIR sacred Dust with recent Laurels crown,
 By your own Valour won. This sacred Isle,
 Cut from the Continent, that World of Slaves ;
 This Temple, built by Heaven's peculiar Care,
 In a Recess from the contagious World,
 With Ocean pour'd around it for its Guard,
 And dedicated, long, to Liberty,
 That Health, that Strength, that Bloom, of Civil Life !
 This Temple of still more Divine ; of Faith
 Sifted from Errors ; purify'd by Flames,
 Like Gold, to take anew Truth's Heavenly Stamp ;
 And, (rising both in Lustre, and in Weight)
 With her bless'd Master's unnam'd Image, shine ;
 Why should she longer droop ? Why longer act
 As an Accomplice with the Plots of Rome ?*

*Why longer lend an Edge to Bourbon's Sword ;
 And give him Leave, among his dastard Troops,
 To muster that strong Succour, ALBION'S Crimes ;
 Send his self-impotent Ambition Aid,
 And crown the Conquests of her fiercest Foes ?
 Where are her Foes most fatal ? Blushing Truth !
 " In her Friends Vices " — with a Sigh replies.
 Empire, on Virtue's Rock, unshaken, stands ;
 Flux, as the Billows, when in Vice dissolv'd.
 If Heav'n reclaims us by the Scourge of War,
 What Thanks are due to Paris, and Madrid ?
 Would they a Revolution ? — Aid their Aim ;
 But be the Revolution — in our Hearts !*

*WOULDST Thou (whose Hand is at the Helm) the Bark,
 The shaken Bark of Britain, should out-ride
 The present Blast ? and ev'ry future Storm ?
 Give it That Ballast, which alone has Weight
 With HIM, whom Wind, and Waves, and War, obey.
 Persist : Are Others subtil ? Thou be wise :
 Above the Florentine's, Court-Science raise ;
 Stand forth a Patriot of the Moral World ;*

The Pattern, and the Patron, of the Just.
Thus, strengthen Britain's military Strength;
Give its own Terror to the Sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious Truth;
Armies, and Fleets alone ne'er won the Day.
When our proud Arms are once disarm'd; disarm'd
Of Aid from HIM, by whom the Mighty fall;
Of Aid from HIM, by whom the Feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest Edge of Battle,
Or gives the Sword Commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial Laurel bloom;—
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly Might;
Or, tho' the Might remains, it nought avails:
Then, wither'd Weakneſs ſoils the ſinewy Arm
Of Man's meridian, and high-hearted, Power:
Our naval Thunders, and our tented Fields,
With travell'd Banners fanning Southern Climes,
What do They? This, and more, What can it do?
When heap'd the Measure of a Kingdom's Crimes,
The Prince moſt dauntleſs, the Firſt Plume of War;
By ſuch bold Inroads into foreign Lands,
Such Elongation of our Armaments,

*But stretches out the guilty Nation's Neck,
While Heaven commands her Executioner,
Some less abandon'd Nation, to discharge
Her full-ripe Vengeance in a final Blow ;
And tell the World, " Not strong is human Strength ;
" And that the proudest Empire holds of Heav'n."*

*O BRITAIN! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy Merit, or most sanguine Hopes,
With all that's Great in War, or Sweet in Peace!
Know from what Source thy signal Blessings flow.
Tho' bless'd with Spirits ardent in the Field,
Tho' cover'd various Oceans with thy Fleets,
Tho' fenc'd with Rocks, and moated by the Main,
Thy Trust repose in a far stronger Guard ;
In HIM, who Thee, tho' naked, could defend ;
Tho' weak, could strengthen ; ruin'd, could restore.*

*HOW oft, to tell what Arm defends thine Isle,
To guard her Welfare, and yet check her Pride,
Have the Winds snatch'd the Victory from War ?
Or, rather, won the Day, when War despair'd ?*

How

*How oft has Providential Succour aw'd,
 Aw'd, while it bless'd us, conscious of our Guilt?
 Struck dead all Confidence in human Aid,
 And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too?*

*WELL may we tremble now ! What Manners reign ?
 But wherefore ask we ? when a true Reply
 Would shock too much ! Kind Heav'n avert Events,
 Whose fatal Nature might reply too plain !
 Heaven's half-bar'd Arm of Vengeance has been wav'd
 In Northern Skies ; and pointed to the South.
 Vengeance, delay'd, but gathers, and ferments ;
 More formidably blackens in the Wind ;
 Brews deeper Draughts of unrelenting Wrath,
 And higher charges the suspended Storm.*

*" THAT Public Vice portends a Public Fall "—
 Is This Conjecture of advent'rous Thought ?
 Or pious Cowards' Pulpit-cushion'd Dream ?
 Far from it : This, is certain ; This, is Fate.
 What says Experience, in her awful Chair
 Of Ages, her authentic Annals spread.*

Around!

*Around her ? What says Reason Eagle-ey'd ?
 Nay, what says Common-Sense, with common Care
 Weighing Events, and Causes, in her Scale ?*

*All give One Verdict ; One Decision sign ;
 And This the Sentence, Delphos could not mend :*

*" Whatever secondary Props may rise
 " From Politics, to build the public Peace,
 " The Basis is, The Manners of the Land :
 " When rotten These, the Politician's Wiles
 " But struggle with Destruction ; as a Child
 " With Giants huge ; or Giants with a Jove.
 " The Statesman's Arts to conjure up a Peace,
 " Or military Phantoms, void of Force,
 " But scare away the Vulturs for an Hour ;
 " The Scent cadaverous (for Oh ! how rank
 " The Stench of Profligates ?) soon lures them back ;
 " On the proud Flutter of a Gallic Wing
 " Soon they return ; soon make their full Descent ;
 " Soon glut their Rage, and riot in our Ruin ;
 " Their Idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our Spoils ;
 " Of universal Empire sure Presage ;
 " Till, now, repell'd, by Seas of British Blood."*

AND

ND whence, The Manners of the Multitude?
 Colour of their Manners, black, or fair,
 from above; from the Complexion falls
 state-OTHELLOS, or White-Men, in Power:
 from the greater Height Example falls,
 ter the Weight, and deeper its Impress
 anks inferior, passive to the Stroke.
 the Court-Mint, of Hearts the current Coin,
 Pulpit presses, but the Pattern drives.
 t Bonds, then, Bonds how manifold, and strong;
 Duty, double Duty, tie the Great?
 are there SAMPSONS that can burst them All?
 and Great Minds that stand in need of none;
 se Pulse beats Virtue, and whose generous Blood
 mental Motives, to push on Renown,
 Emulation of their glorious Sires,
 n whom rolls down the consecrated Stream.

OME sow good Seed in the glad People's Hearts;
 e cursed Tares, like Satan in the Text:
 makes a Foe most fatal to the State;

A Foe;

A Foe, who (like a Wizard in his Cell)

In his dark Cabinet of crooked Schemas,

Resembling Cuma's gloomy Grot, the Forge

Of boasted Oracles, and real Lies,

(Aided, perhaps, by second-fighted Scots,

French Magi, Reliques riding Post from Rome,

*A Gothic Hero * rising from the Dead,*

And changing for spruce Plad his dirty Shroud,

With Succour, suitable, from Lower still ;)

A Foe, who, These concurring to the Charm,

Excites those Storms that shall o'erturn the State ;

Rend up her antient Honours by the Root,

And lay the Boast of Ages, the Rever'd

Of Nations, the Dear-bought, with sumless Wealth,

And Blood illustrious, (Spite of her La Hogues,

Her Cressis, and her Blenheims) in the Dust.

HOW must This strike a Horror thro' the Breast,

Tbro' every generous Breast, where Honour reigns ?

Tbro' every Breast where Honour claims a Share ?

* The Invader affects the Character of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.

Yes, and thro' every Breast of Honour void?
 This Thought might animate the Dregs of Men;
 Ferment them into Spirit; give them Fire
 To fight the Cause, the black, opprobrious, Cause,
 Foul Core of all! Corruption at our Hearts.
 What Wrecks of Empire has the Stream of Time
 Swept, with their Vices, from the Mountain-Height
 Of Grandeur deify'd by half Mankind,
 To dark Oblivion's melancholy Lake,
 Or flagrant Infamy's eternal Brand?
 Those Names, at which surrounding Nations shook,
 Those Names ador'd, a Nuisance! or, forgot!
 Nor This the Caprice of a doubtful Dye;
 But Nature's Course; no single Chance against it.

FOR know, my Lord! 'Tis writ in Adamant:
 'Tis fix'd, as is the Basis of the World,
 Whose Kingdoms stand, or fall, by the Decree.
 What saw these Eyes, surpris'd? — Yet why surpris'd? —
 For Aid Divine the Crisis seem'd to call;
 And how Divine was the Monition given?
 As, late, I walk'd the Night in troubled Thought,

My Peace disturb'd by Rumours from the North ;
 While Thunder, o'er my Head, portentous, roll'd ;
 As giving Signal of some strange Event ;
 And Ocean groan'd, beneath, for Her he lov'd,
 ALBION the Fair ! so long his Empire's Queen,
 Whose Reign is, now, contested by her Foes ;
 On her white Cliffs (a Tablet broad, and bright,
 Strongly reflecting the pale Lunar Ray ;)
 By Fate's own iron Pen, I saw it writ,
 And thus the Title ran :

The STATESMAN'S CREED.

- “ Ye States ! and Empires ! nor of Empires Least,
 “ Tho' least in Size, hear, BRITAIN ! Thou whose Lot,
 “ Whose *final* Lot is in the Balance laid !
 “ *Irresolutely* play the doubtful Scales,
 “ Nor know'st thou Which will win. --- Know, then, from Me.
 “ As govern'd *well*, or *ill*, States *sink*, or *rise* :
 “ State-Ministers, as *upright*, or *corrupt*,
 “ Are *Balm*, or *Poison*, in a Nation's Veins ;
 “ *Health*, or *Distemper* ; hasten, or retard,
 “ The Period of her Pride, her Day of Doom :
 “ And tho', for Reasons obvious to the Wise,

“ Just.

" Just PROVIDENCE deals, otherwise, with Men,

" Yet, believe, BRITONS! nor too late believe,

" 'Tis fix'd! by Fate, irrevocably, fix'd!

" Virtue, and Vice, are Empire's Life and Death.

THUS it is written. --- Heard you not a Groan?
Is BRITAIN on her Death-bed? --- No; that Groan
Was utter'd by her Foes. --- But soon the Scale,
If this Divine Monition is despis'd,
May turn against us. Read it, Ye who rule!
With Reverence, read; with Stedfastness, believe;
With Courage, act, as such Belief inspires:
Then, shall your Glory stand like Fate's Decree;
Then, shall your Names in Adamant be writ,
In Records, that defy the Tooth of Time;
By Nations sav'd, resounding your Applause.

WHILE deep beneath your Monument's proud Base,
In black Oblivion's Kennel, shall be trod,
Their execrable Names, who, high in Power,
And deep in Guilt, most ominously shine,
(The Meteors of the State!) give Vice her Head,

*To Licence lewd let loose the public Rein ;
 Quench every Spark of Conscience in the Land,
 And triumph in the Profligates Applause.
 Or, Who to the first Bidder sell their Souls ;
 Their Country sell ; sell All their Fathers bought,
 With Funds exhausted, and exhausted Veins,
 To Dæmons, by his Holiness ORDAIN'D
 To propagate the Gospel — penn'd at ROME ;
 Hawk'd, thro' the World, by consecrated Bulls ;
 And how illustrated ? — By SMITHFIELD Flames :
 Who plunge (but not like CURTIUS) down the Gulph,
 Down narrow-minded Self's voracious Gulph,
 Which gapes, and swallows All they swore to save ;
 Hate All, that lifted Heroes into Gods,
 And hug the Horrors of a Victor's Chain.
 Of Bodies Politic that destin'd Hell,
 Inflicted here ; since, here, Their Beings end :
 That Vengeance, soon, or late, ordain'd to fall,
 And fall from Foes, detested, and despis'd,
 On Disbelievers — of the STATESMAN's Creed.*

NOTE,

*NOTE, here, my Lord! (un-noted yet it lies
By Most, or All) these Truths political
Serve more than public Ends: This Creed of States
Seconds, and, irresistibly, supports,
The CHRISTIAN Creed. Are you surpris'd? — Attend;
And on the Statesman's build a nobler Name.*

*THIS punctual Justice exercis'd on States,
With which authentic Chronicle abounds,
As all Men know, and therefore MUST believe;
This Vengeance pour'd on Nations ripe in Guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only They exist;
What is it, but an Argument of Sense,
Or, rather, Demonstration, to support
Our feeble Faith — “ That They, who States compose,
“ That Men, who stand not bounded by the Grave,
“ Shall meet like Measure at their proper Hour.”
For GOD is equal; similarly deals
With States, and Persons; or He were not GOD;
Which means, A Rectitude immutable,
A Patron fure of universal Right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd Man?*

Nothing;

Nothing ; *it is reply'd : Reply'd, by whom ?*
Reply'd by Politicians, well as Priests ;
Writ sacred set aside, Mankind's own Writ,
The whole World's Annals ! These pronounce his Doom,

THUS (what might seem a daring Paradox)
Even Politics advance Divinity :
True Masters there, are better Scholars here,
Who travel History, in Quest of Schemes
To govern Nations, or (perhaps) oppress,
May, there, start Truths that other Aims inspire ;
And, like CANDACE's Eunuch, as they read,
By PROVIDENCE, turn Christian on their Road :
Digging for Silver, they may strike on Gold ;
May be surpris'd with Better than they sought,
And entertain an Angel unawares.

NOR is Divinity ungrateful found.
As Politics advance Divinity ;
Thus, in Return, Divinity promotes
True Politics, and crowns the Statesman's Praise.
All Wifdoms are but Branches of the Chief,

And

And Statesmen found but Shoots of honest Men.

Are This World's Witchcrafts pleaded, in Excuse

For Deviations from our moral Line?

This, and the next World, view'd with such an Eye,

As suits a Statesman, such as keeps in View

His own exalted Science, Both conspire

To recommend, and fix us in, the Right.

If we regard the Politics of Heaven,

The grand Administration of the Whole,

What's the next World? A Supplement of This;

Without it, Justice is defective Here;

Just, as to States; defective, as to Men:

If so, What is this World? (As sure as Right

Sits in Heaven's Throne) a Prophet of the next:

Prize you the Prophet? Then, believe him too;

His Prophecy more precious, than his Smile.

How comes it, then, to pass, with most on Earth,

That This should charm us, That should discompose?

Long as the Statesman finds This Case his own,

So long, his Politics are un-complete:

In Danger, He; nor is the Nation safe;

But, soon, must rue his inauspicious Power.

WHAT hence results? *A Truth, that should resound*
For ever awful in BRITANNIA'S Ear:

" Religion crowns the Statesman, and the Man ;

" Sole Source of public, and of private, Peace."

This Truth all Men must own ; and, therefore, will ;

And praise, and preach it, too : --- And, when That's done,

Their Compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.

What Highland Pole-ax half so deep can wound ?

BUT how dare I, so mean, presume so far ?

Assume my Seat in the Dictator's Chair ?

Pronounce, predict, (as if, indeed, inspir'd)

Promulge my Censures, lay out all my Throat,

Till hoarse, in Clamour on enormous Crimes ?

Two mighty Columns rise in my Support ;

In their more awful and authentic Voice,

RECORD Prophane, and Sacred, drown the Muse,

Tho' loud ; and far out-threat her threatning Song.

Still farther, ^{Holles} ~~But~~ ! suffer me to plead,

That I speak freely, as I speak to Thee.

Guilt only startles at the Name of Guilt ;

And

And Truth, plain Truth, is welcome to the Wise.

Thus, what seem'd my Presumption, is thy Praise.

PRAISE, and immortal Praise, is Virtue's Claim;

And Virtue's Sphere is Action: Yet we grant

Some Merit to the Trumpet's loud Alarm,

Whose Clangor kindles Cowards into Men.

Nor shall the Verse (perhaps) be quite forgot,

Which talks of Immortality; and bids,

In every British Breast, true Glory rise,

As, now, the warbling Lark awakes the Morn.

TO close, my Lord! with That which All should close,

And All begin, and strike us every Hour,

Tho' no War wak'd us, no black Tempest frown'd:—

THE Morning rises gay; yet gayest Morn

Less glorious, after Night's incumbent Shades;

Less glorious far, bright Nature, rich-array'd

With golden Robes, in all the Pomp of Noon,

Than the first feeble Dawn of MORAL Day:

Sole Day (let Those, whom Statesmen serve, attend);

Tho' the Sun ripens Diamonds for their Crowns,

Sole Day, worth His Regard, whom Heaven ordains,
 Un-darken'd, to behold Noon dark; and late,
 From the Sun's Death, and every Planet's Fall,
 His All-illustrious, and Eternal Year, and
 Where Statesmen, and their Monarchs, in Names of Awe,
 And Distance, Here! shall rank with Common Men;
 Yet own their Glory never dawn'd before.

October, 1745.

F I N I S



